McKean County Miner.

State Library July 08

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1908.

NO. 25

PAVING CONTRACT WAS SIGNED UP TUESDAY NIGHT

ontractor and Borough Officials Affix Their Signatures.

WORK TO BE STARTED ON JULY 7.

methport Will Have Beautiful Main Street—No Opposition in Sight And Everybody Seems to be Pleased with the Final Result.

That Smethport will have Main street aved this summer seems to be a sure ing now.

The contract for doing this work was igned on Tuesday evening by the Gipp Construction Company of Buffalo and y Burgess E. W. Strong and Secretary . W. Holder for Smethport borough nd all is now in readiness for putting at his long desired improvement, as soon s the machinery and materials can be orten on the ground and the necessary ime has elapsed, in order to make the rdinances that have been passed bearing n this matter valid.

The date set for actually commencing ork is July 7th. Mr. Gipp, who will ave charge of the contract expects to ave everything in readiness by that me, and as soon as the start is made ork will be rushed as rapidly as is racticable. Mr. Gipp is in town this eek making arrangements for store oom for cement, etc., barns for the teams and all the necessary details be ore the start.

The paving will be on a concrete oundation and will be 34 feet wide hrough the business section and 24 feet vide through the residence section, go ng as far as the available money will ermit.

The money from the bonds is sufficie t to pave about ten blocks, and it is retty certain that there will be enough erived from the subscriptions to pave east a full mile or from McCoy's corner to Long street.

There is also a movement on foot to ive the abutting property owners in he business section an opportunity to xtend the pavement to the curb as the treet now is, at their own expense, when all in a block will agree to this arrangement.

This would make it necessary for the property owners to pay for a strip of avement about three feet wide and would cost the said property owners bout 60 cents per running foot of frontage. The total cost to widen the pavement on the four business blocks where it is most needed figures up to about $1425 and that divided among the property owners, according to their frontage, will not put a heavy burden on anyone, in fact the largest property holder in the business section would only be assessed about $75 and the average would be from $15 to $30.

If this movement is successful Smethport's Main street will be one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in any town in the state of Pennsylvania. And there should not be a dissenting voice to it, for inasmuch as the taxpayers of all parts of the borough have expressed their willingness at the polls to bear nine-tenths of the burden of this great improvement to Main street, the abutting property owners should not hesitate a moment about doing the rest.

This pavement will be a great benefit to Smethport and everybody seems anxious to have it. We have heard several people, who said they were opposed to it at the polls, state recently that they were now in favor of it and were willing to do anything in their power to assist in the completion of the work.

At one time it looked as though there would be considerable feeling against the paving, but that has apparently died out and, as far as we can learn, nothing will be done to stop or block the progress of the work after it is once under way.

There has been more or less talk about different property owners being dissatisfied with the grade in front of their residences, but no serious trouble is liable to develope from that source. It is the desire and intention of the borough officials to satisfy everybody as near as possible and do a first class job, and that is all any of the abutting property owners will ask.

Three cheers for paving and prosperity and its promoters.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Automobiles for Sale.

I have a four-cylinder Ford touring car, which will be demonstrated in Smethport to prospective buyers. Also several other second-hand cars in Buffalo.

J. COOPER HUFFMAN,
26tf Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

Keelor Chemical Works Destroyed —John Michael Blown to Pieces.

This morning's Era says: A terrific boiler explosion occurred in the Keelor Chemical works at Wetmore, near Kane, Wednesday afternoon, just before 1 o'clock, by which one man, John Michael aged 20, was blown to pieces, Foreman Passinger was very seriously injured and the works were destroyed.

It is feared that Mr. Passinger's injuries will result fatally.

The fact that the explosion occurred during the noon hour accounts for the small loss of life.

John Michael had taken the place vacated by John Olson when the latter was arrested for the murder of his daughter.

Michael was literally blown to pieces. When the first shock of the explosion had passed, and the people of Wetmore rushed to the scene, nothing was visible but wreckage. Search for the man known to have been in the building resulted in the finding of Passinger, but nothing save the head of Michael was found. Work was at once begun among the debris of the factory in the hope of discovering the body of the unfortunate young man, but according to a telephone report received by the Era last night only small fragments of the remains were found.

Coroner E. R. Sherman of this city had not been officially notified of the accident last night, but he will go to Wetmore this morning to investigate.

The Keelor Chemical works were very complete and the valuation was estimated at about $40,000. Usually the insurance carried or allowed on such works is about 25 per cent. The plant was used for the manufacture of wood alcohol, charcoal and by products.

At the time of the explosion the employes of the factory were standing around waiting for the whistle to blow. Had the explosion occurred a few minutes later the loss of life would have been great, but as it was many escaped injury doubtless because the force of the explosion was expended in an upward direction.

When the explosion took place, Mrs. Keelor, wife of the owner of the factory, was in her home nearby and saw the boiler go up into the air. The force of the explosion was so tremendous that the crown of the boiler was thrown to so great a height that Mrs. Keelor had telephoned notice of the explosion to her husband in Kane and had hung up the receiver before the main portion of the boiler came to earth.

It was fortunate that Mrs. Keelor did not delay in using the 'phone, as the descending pieces of iron fell upon and broke the telephone wires.

A report from Kane at midnight stated that Passinger was brought to that place on the 9:30 p. m. Pennsylvania train but was not taken to the hospital. His most severe injury was a badly lacerated shoulder.

Some People Hate Autos.

Some people have an undying prejudice against automobiles and the owners thereof and will stoop to most any level of meanness to harass and annoy those so fortunate as to possess one of these "horseless wagons." It is not an uncommon thing for boys, some of them sometimes well into their teens, to throw stones or a handful of pebbles on a passing auto, endangering the lives of the passengers and marring the car.

Boys are not the only ones who indulge in this degraded pastime, but full-grown men sometimes attempt to show their great wit (?) by anything but manly tricks. In a little town near Smethport last Sunday one of these smart men attempted to smother the occupants of a car in dust by hitching a lot of brush behind his buggy and running his horse ahead of the automobile, but he was too anxious and the car slowed down and avoided the dust. The wise one saw that he was outwitted and drew his nearly exhausted horse to the side of the road, and as the auto sped past his half-blinded but faithful dog jumped in front of the car and was run over. Thus Mr. Wise Guy was the means of causing his faithful dumb friend much suffering in an unsuccessful attempt to annoy others.

As a rule automobilists are polite, courteous and generous in considering the rights and comforts of other travelers and they are slow to complain of ordinary bad treatment, but the stone throwing practice is a dangerous one and sooner or later some of those who indulge in it will have to answer to a pretty serious charge and they will be lucky if they don't have to serve a term in the penitentiary or reformatory.

Early Closing of Stores.

The following merchants will close their places of business at 6:15 p. m. excepting Saturdays commencing June 8 and continuing until September 1.

Fry & Gomes	Anderfer & Lyle
The Lindholm Co.	Engstrom Bros.
Wm. Monheimer	J. Colegrove
H. W. Rubin	Geo. Brennan
D. C. Young	J. S. McCarty
Mary L. Bisset	G. H. Denning
Mrs. Carrie Clark	Jno. F. Rooney
Wm. Glavin	Mrs. A. E. Hinman
Anderson & Carlson	

McKean County Fair and Races.

The date set for the Fourth Annual Fair and Races of the McKean County Fair Association is Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 15, 16, 17 and 18, and preparations are being made to make this a greater success than ever before. Everybody knows that the previous fairs have been all and more than could be expected.

Last year this association had one of the best fairs given in this state and notwithstanding the bad weather everybody pronounced it the best ever. However the crowds did not appear on account of the weather and therefore it was a losing proposition to the Association financially. This has not discouraged the managers and they are more determined than ever to make this fair a bigger and better fair than any of the previous ones.

There is only one way this can be done and that is for every man and woman in this county to co-operate with the Fair managers and assist them in every way possible. This can be done in many ways, viz: Making early preparations to send us much stock, produce, needlework and all things included in the list to the fair; making preparations to come and bring your family; urging your neighbors to do likewise by telling them about all the many good things to be seen and the mutual advantage a good fair is to every person in the county. Start early and get all your friends and neighbors interested.

Shot Himself Through the Foot.

Yesterday morning J. P. Barrett, Frank Gillis and Eugene McIntire, boys ranging from 12 to 15 years of age, left here for a few days at camp about three miles from Kane, just back of the Moynihan farm, and had just got nicely settled for a good time when their pleasure trip was greatly marred by an accident that happened to J. P. Barrett.

They had only been in camp a day, and when they arose this morning they all got busy doing one thing and another. Eugene McIntire commenced to get breakfast, Frank Gillis began to chop wood and about that time the Barrett boy heard a crow caw, and when he located him he was sitting on a fence rail. He got a twenty-two rifle, which the boys took along for just such occasions, and when he got ready to shoot he raised the rifle, but in doing so it caught in his blouse waist, discharging the gun, the ball entering his foot and going clear through.

The boys summoned help from the Moynihan farm, and Barrett was then taken to the house and his wound dressed. He was then brought to his home at the Hotel Windsor, where he was given prompt medical attention. The wound is quite bad and it will be some time before the boy will be able to be around.—Kane Republican.

Scared the People.

The people of State Line Mills were badly scared Wednesday when it was reported that there was a fire in the factory of the Eldred Powder Co., located a short distance up one of the adjoining hollows. Nobody wanted to go up and find out about it and an explosion seemed inevitable until the arrival of W. Z. Georgia in his automobile, when like Sheridan after his famous ride from Winchester, he rallied the scattered forces and approached the scene of the trouble in his horseless carriage. By active work the fire was confined to the boiler house which was burned down, and the people began to breath easier. The burned building was some distance from the store house, but a fire any place around a powder factory gives the spectators a creepy feeling along the back, and not many care to get any closer to it than safety to themselves will allow.—Eagle.

John McQueeney Drops Dead.

John McQueeney, aged 82 years, was found dead in his garden in the rear of his home at Mt. Alton shortly after noon Thursday. He had partaken of the noon meal and then went into the garden to do some light work. It is supposed that he was stricken with an attack of heart failure and expired while alone. The lifeless body was discovered by a neighbor. Coroner Sherman of Bradford was notified but did not deem an inquest necessary.

Deceased was a native of Ireland and had lived at Mt. Alton for the past 45 years. Besides his widow he leaves four sons, J. J., W. H., G. L. and D. H. McQueeney, all of Mt. Alton, and two daughters, Mrs. Michael Johnson of Kane and Mrs. Stanley Keesler of Hazelhurst.

Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 557, Cuba, N. Y.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness; three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Big cuts or little cuts, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Be sure to get DeWitts. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

TAFT WILL BE THE NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT

Nomination Will be Made To-night or To-morrow.

FAIRBANKS' RENOMINATION LIKELY

Squabble Over Adoption of Platform Delays Nominations—Injunction Plank the Bone of Contention—Roosevelt is Extremely Popular.

Dispatches from Chicago this afternoon just before going to press are to the effect that no nominations will be made before late to-night or to-morrow. Taft will probably named on first ballot and Fairbanks seems to be the most likely to get the Vice Presidency nomination.

At p. m. the platform had not been adopted, owing to the squabble over the injunction plank.

The great Republican National Convention is in session at Chicago this week and that city is unquestionably the liliest spot on the face of the earth at the present time.

This is the fourteenth National convention of the Republican party and it is the largest ever held. There are hundreds of thousands of visitors in the Western metropolis to see the sport. The Coliseum which seats 12000 people is crowded to its full capacity at every meeting and the market price of admission tickets is $140 each.

On Tuesday Senator Burrows was chosen temporary chairman of the convention and upon taking his place made a masterly address. Committees were selected, credentials examined and passed upon and much other routine business transacted.

In the meantime delegations from different States were amusing themselves with parades and pow-wows and launching to booms for favorite sons, which were born to live for the moment only, then quickly passed. The delegates for these States were dubbed the "Allies" and their purpose was to stem the tide for Taft in order to give their favorites a show in the running.

At the session on Wednesday Senator Burrows introduced Senator Fulton as chairman of the credentials committee, and in a two-minute speech Fulton announced that the committee had approved the temporary roll of delegates as made up by the national committee and in addition awarded New Mexico two and moved the adoption of the report. Before anyone was fully aware of what was happening, Burrows had put the motion and it had been carried by acclamation and there ended the fight of the Allies.

The committee on permanent organization recommended Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, for permanent chairman, continuing the other officials of the temporary organization, and with a whirl this report was also adopted and Lodge was escorted to the platform by General Stewart L. Woodford of New York and Governor Deneen of Illinois. Lodge was politely received but as he took the gavel and faced the convention a spirit of fire seemed to shoot out into the crowd and an air of expectancy supplanted that of ennui which had previously possessed the throng.

Senator Lodge commenced his speech with a review of the grand record of the Grand Old Party and gradually led up to the unparalleled work accomplished by President Roosevelt, his object being to positively inform the delegates that the President would not accept another nomination.

He reviewed the campaign against the trusts, the enforcement of the laws, the regulation of the railroads, and with the tide of enthusiasm gradually rising higher and higher, he came down in broad sweeps to the resistance that has been offered by the monetary powers to the politics of the President. So absorbed was the crowd in the speaker's address that they absolutely missed his direct reference to the President. He had been speaking a full half hour then. But the outbreak was near.

He paused a moment, and over the great crowd there passed a rustling like the in-taking of breath. Absolute silence otherwise. Raising his hand aloft Lodge continued:

"In the great American electorate money has few votes, but it can command many voices and cause many birds to sing. The result is that the President is the best abused and most popular man in the United States to-day."

Then came the tumult.

At 2:35 Lodge determined to take the bull by the horns, but it is possible that even he could not have heard his own voice.

"Nominate him—nominate him," they howled.

Lodge told them the President's declination to run again was irrevocable.

"Nominate him, anyhow," they howled.

Lodge assured them that no friend of the President would urge his nomination.

"The people want him," they retorted.

"Nominate him—nominate him," they shouted.

When they found that Lodge was determined to go on, they at length subsided and sank back into the seats. But not until 10,000 people had cheered the name of Roosevelt for 50 consecutive minutes, giving him the greatest ovation ever given any man.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

The following letter was written to a lady who resides near this place. The sentiments therein uttered are those of newly every discharged soldier. They are horrified at the exhibition of disloyalty which greets them upon the streets of nearly every town in the free North.

Salmanca, June, 14th, 1863.

My Dear Aunt:—Since I last wrote you there has been some considerable change in my prospects. Then I was a soldier in the army of the Potomac—now I am a citizen of the United States. I cannot say that I have enjoyed myself any better since I became a citizen than I did while a soldier. Then I was looking forward to something better—to the time of my discharge—but I find the reality falls short of ideality. I find that participation is not half so pleasant as anticipation. Of course you have heard long before this that our regiment has been mustered out of the service and sent home. We were mustered out of the United States service the 22nd of May, 1863, and discharged the 27th; reached Home the 30th, since which time I have been trying to enjoy myself the best way I can.

I am surprised at the sentiment I find existing in the North in regard to the war and the support of the government, and confess that I am almost ashamed to be called an American—as the signification of the name now exists. Everywhere I have been since I came home I have heard nothing but vituperations against the President, maledictions heaped upon the Cabinet and curses showered upon our best of Governments. Vallandigham is a martyr to his country and the President is a traitor. It does seem to me that martial law should be proclaimed throughout the North, and then when traitors open their mouths and give vent to treasonable sentiments, they should be served with a dose of hemp and made to dance on air, and sent to join their master—the devil. I should think when our country is in so much danger if the men of the North had any regard for it they could afford to sacrifice political feelings for a short time at least, and join with those who are using their best endeavor to crush this cursed rebellion. But instead of that all seem to be governed by selfish motives, and are either trying to make as much money out of the war as possible, or are throwing every obstacle in the way of the conscription—not and other laws which are essential to the existence of the nation.

I sincerely hope the idea of arming the negroes will not be abandoned, but will be carried out with all possible despatch. I would like to see an army of 200,000 negroes in the field as soon as they can be armed and equipped. If they are to have their freedom let them earn it upon the sanguinary battle-field, and they will then know how to appreciate it. Some of the northern traitors cry out against the arming of negroes, but they bluster just as loudly against the unconstitutionality of the conscription act. Poor fools, what do they care more for the Constitution than their Southern allies who are endeavoring to overthrow it? The truth is they will raise a hue and cry against any act of the administration which looks like wiping out the rebellion.

The friends of Capt. C. C. Moses who reside in Eldred township, this county, have recently heard from him by letter. He writes from Libby Prison, Richmond. It will be remembered that Capt. Moses was captured some time since, while visiting the picket posts as General Officer of the Day, near Washington, N. C. We are glad to learn that he "still lives."

Camp of the 58th Regiment
Washington, N. C., Sept. 18, 1863.

Capt. L. Rogers, Dear Sir:—I was gratified to receive from you to-day a copy of the McKEAN MINER. It looks and seems to me like an old friend, and I am glad to learn through its columns, that the friends of the Union in McKean are awake to the interests involved in the coming election. We of the army believe that the election of Andrew G. Curtin is as essential to the cause of the Union as the taking of Charleston or Chattanooga, and that disaster to our arms would not encourage the rebels as much as the election of George Woodward. While we feel confident that the Union army will soon be successful in putting down armed rebels, we hope you will be successful in putting down the hordes of cowardly, slimy copper heads at home on the 13th of October.

Co. E has lost two of its members this summer. Henry Baker died on the 26th of July, and S. P. Dikeman of Bradford on the 30th of August. Dikeman was attached to the Ambulance Corps, and was left at Newborn when the regiment left for this place. While at Newborn he was taken sick with the typhoid fever and after a lingering illness, died. No truer patriot or more determined soldier ever yielded up his life for his country's cause. He died at his post of duty and fills an honorable grave. His family has the warmest sympathy of the entire Company, but human sympathy is inadequate, for while

"Friendship may a soothing balm impart
'Tis Heaven alone can heal the mourner's heart."

Yours,
O. D. GILBERT.

No Race Suicide.

On Wednesday of last week Mrs. Gotofsky, nee Gobosky, presented her husband with four tokens of her affection. The four boys weighed altogether 16 pounds, 4 ounces, and are perfectly formed, have well-developed lungs and good appetites.

The attention of President Roosevelt is called respectfully to the Gotofsky's, who do not know what race suicide is. The couple have had 30 children in 16 years. Fourteen survive.

Gotofsky is 40 years old; his wife 32. They first met on the vessel that brought them to this country, in 1891, and were married in New York city April 5, 1893. Gotofsky, a farmer in the old country, hoarded some money and bought 18 acres of land between Pine Brook and Troy Hills. He has cultivated the fruitful soil so industriously that he owns 35 acres now, without a penny mortgage on them.

The schedule of events in the family since the infant industry was established has been: March 22, 1893, twins; 1894, one small Gotofsky; 1895, twins; 1896, triplets; 1897, twins; 1898, twins; 1899, twins; 1900, one; 1901, one; 1902, twins; 1903, 1904, 1905, one each year; 1906, triplets; 1907, twins; June 10, 1908, quadruplets.

A New Pipe Line.

A new pipe line will be built from the Illinois oil fields to Rixford, this county. The projected work has been announced. For some time past employes of the Tide-Water Pipe company have been at work securing right of way in this locality.

A Pittsburg dispatch dated yesterday said: It is announced here this evening that plans have been completed and work will be started at once on a pipe line over 500 miles in length to connect with existing lines and carry the product of the Illinois oil field to the Atlantic seaboard.

The new line is to be constructed by the Associated Producers' Oil company, and will run from Robinson, Ill., to a point near Rixford, Pa., a distance of 525 miles, connecting at the latter point with the main seacoast line of the Tide-Water Pipe company, which terminates at Bayonne, N. J. The new work and its connections will constitute a continuous line over 1,000 miles in length of six-inch pipe.

While not officially confirmed, it is reliably reported that the contract for the pipe has been awarded to the National Tube company. The cost of the new section is estimated at $2,500,000.

Cold Weather in June.

Professor Gustave Mayer, the American scientific astrologer "and the nation's counsellor," has sounded the following warning from Hoboken:

"I wish to advise everybody to get out their winter wearing apparel at once for the starry messengers indicate and impart to me the fact that from the 14th to the 30th inst. severe cold waves will sweep over the country causing much loss of life and property on land and sea. Particularly on the 15th, 17th, 20th, 23rd and 27th.

"I will further say that on the above mentioned dates President Roosevelt should be more cautious than usual and guard against secret enemies, impulsiveness, large animals, combustibles and accident to the eyes, teeth and knees in particular, also trouble with or through the fair sex.

"I find that Roosevelt and Bryan will be nominated and Roosevelt will be elected president this fall by a very large majority."

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothes, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Saving the Company.

By CARLETON HAZZARD.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

After a long line of incompetent stenographers Bradley congratulated himself when Alice Fuller took her place at the typewriter desk, and as though by magic the crooked places were made straight.

So quietly did the girl slip into the routine of the office and so unostentatiously did she accomplish results that Arthur Bradley did not realize all that she was doing. He had only the pleasant feeling that at last the office was running straight, and, manlike, he took the credit to himself.

It had been a struggle to get the office going at all, for the firm was in opposition to the trust, and everything possible was done to break up the newly established branch office.

More than once Bradley had narrowly escaped some trap laid for him, but for every blow struck at him he gave back as good. The letters from the home office were encouraging and intimated that if he would round out the first year there would be an increase of salary as well as the present of a block of stock.

The biggest feather in his cap was when the home office turned over to him the task of securing a contract for some $2,000,000 worth of material.

"Such big contracts are usually handled from the home office," he explained to Alice Fuller as he gave her the letter with instructions to place it in the private letter file in the safe. "If they turn this matter over to me it is a sign that they have faith in my judgment. It's going to be a fiendish mixer to figure on all that material at a price that will be low enough to capture the contract and still give us as much of a profit as possible."

"They probably realize that you are close to the contract, and they know that they can trust you," answered Alice. "It shows that this branch is becoming important."

She went quietly about her work, but there was a happy light in her eyes, for she was as much pleased at this sign of confidence as was Bradley himself.

Alice was not a girl of impulses, but she had come to have more than a liking for Bradley, and she took a pride in his success.

The week that followed was a busy one. Bradley, buried far into the night on the problems of cost, and each morning he gave to Alice the results of the work, to be tabulated on the machine and filed in the safe until the figures should be complete. It was weary work with all the specifications and blanks, but at last the estimate was complete, and Bradley took it on to New York in person for the approval of the home office.

He was jubilant on his return. The president of the company had congratulated him on the excellence of his work and had hinted that the new London office might be opened soon with Bradley in charge.

But the jubilation was short lived, for two days later a long letter came from the New York office instructing the branch to alter the estimates in accordance with a set of figures some 30 per cent in advance of the original estimate.

"Here's a job for you," growled Bradley as he took the paper to Alice's desk. "I'll have to do all the home office says, but it's throwing away the contract and my chance of promotion."

"Are you certain that it is the order of the New York office?" asked Alice as she took up the sheets. "You know that this contract will mean a great deal to the trust if they are able to take it away from us. It means a great deal more to us to retain it."

"That's just it," complained Bradley. "They know that if we lose this contract we lose our fight for an independent existence and shall have to sell out to the trust at their own price. If we get it, it will mean that we can beat them and hold our own. Yet they raise my figures."

"And it would be worth a great effort to beat us," went on Alice. "Suppose that the trust people had some one planted in the home office who could copy the figures and send them to the trust officers. Suppose, too, that they supplied the people with our letter heads and envelopes. We would be unsuspicious and change the bid in accordance with instructions, only to find out that we had been duped after the bids had been opened and the contract awarded to the trust. I think you will find that they have bid only slightly lower than this, but much higher than your original figures."

"That's possible," admitted Bradley. "I'll wire the home office and find out."

"And warn the traitor in the office that his plans have been discovered?" reminded Alice. "They will then bid below your figures and get the contract anyway. It would be best to hold on and take chances by yourself. It will be the only way to hold the contract."

"If I only could be sure," exclaimed Bradley. "But I can't act on mere guesswork."

"This is something more than guesswork," insisted Alice. "In the first place, this letter is mailed from the Madison square station. That is in the building in which the trust has its main office. Our letters all come from the Wall street station, four or five miles away and nearest our office. They are using the same make of typewriter President Hammond's stenographer uses, but it is not the same machine. On the letters from our office there is a piece broken from the cross of every 't.'"

"I think you are right!" cried Bradley as he compared two letters. "We'll pop in the original estimate, and when they come to open the bids out our trust friends will have a dozen fits."

"But answer this letter and say that changes have been made in the bid in accordance with instructions and that the bid has been submitted," directed Alice. "Then the traitor will not become alarmed and notify the trust to put in the lower bid."

"You're the general," cried Bradley admiringly. "I am only the second in command until this is straightened out. Do just as you please."

That evening a letter went to the home office reporting that the changes had been made as directed, but Bradley personally took to the office of the contracting company the original bid.

Two days later a long telegram arrived from the head office demanding the explanation of the changes to which Bradley made reference. It was Alice who wrote the telegram in reply, explaining what those changes were, and who wrote the second message declaring it to be impossible to alter the bid to the old figures, as they directed by wire.

The next morning President Hammond stamped into the office shortly after Bradley had come in.

"I came out on the fast train to see what it all means," he cried. "You have ruined the company by letting yourself be fooled in this fashion."

For reply Bradley brought out the letter he had received. It startled Hammond, for beyond question it was on the paper of the company and not on a cheap imitation. He sighed as he laid it down.

"I suppose that you cannot be blamed," he said dispiritedly, "but it means that the company is smashed by a trick of the trust."

"Not yet," declared Bradley, with a laugh. "Miss Fuller's quick eyes saw through the trick. We took a chance and put in the original bid. I think you will find that we are the lowest bidders, for the trust felt safe in keeping up their bid."

"If we win, you can have the London office next month," declared Hammond.

"Excuse me a moment," said Bradley as he slipped out to the outer office.

"It's a go," he announced beamingly. "Miss Fuller says that she will come as Mrs. Bradley."

"Rather sudden?" asked Hammond.

"It's sudden only in the recent realization that I have loved her ever since she came into the office," explained Bradley. "It took this crisis to force the fact home."

Alice looked in at the doorway.

"The Washington people telephone that your estimate has won the contract," she reported demurely, and to her great embarrassment Bradley kissed her under the approving eyes of the president of the company.

"We've tricked the tricky trust," he cried, "and we're going to London on our honeymoon."

"Oh my yacht," added the president. "We can't do too much for the girl whose clever brain saved the company. You're a lucky man, Bradley."

"Don't I know it?" cried Bradley. "I knew it first!"

Lungs and Long Life.

One of the most remarkable cases of longevity on record was that of an Englishman born in 1483, whose delicate appearance made all the doctors give him up when he was in the cradle. His chest was so narrow, says the report, that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. Well, this young moribund, condemned by the doctors to die in short order, died in 1651 at the age of 169. He saw the reign of ten kings. Secundi Hango, consul of Venice at Smyrna, measured only fifty-seven centimeters around the chest, and one of his lungs was diseased. Nevertheless he lived to the age of 115 years. He was married five times and had forty-nine children. When he was 100 years old he got his wisdom teeth. When he was 110 his hair turned black again. At 112 his eyebrows and his beard turned black.

Lucky In One Way.

"The late Valerian Gribayedoff," said a Chicago art editor, "was one of the first American newspaper sketch artists. On that account he leaves behind him a famous name. As Gribayedoff said himself the last time I visited him in Paris, his fame was due not to his great artistic skill, but to his luck in coming first. And he added, with a laugh, that it was always lucky to come early and avoid the rush, instancing the case of a restaurant on the Boule Mich, in the Latin quarter, where a young poet had a large tureen of soup spilled over his coat one evening. The waiter, in response to the savage outcries of the poet, said good naturedly:

"'Oh, well, you needn't alarm yourself, sir. There's no harm done. Our soup never stains after half past 7.'"

All In Red.

The playwrights over their supper of lobster boasted. "I," said the greatest of them, with a complacent glance at the two pure pearls in his shirt front, "decree the color of every actress' frock."

"That is carrying the regard for detail too far," said a playwright who had failed.

"Not a bit of it," said the other. "If I didn't decide on the color of the dresses the stage manager would. Why, that must always be done. Otherwise, in their overmastering desire to draw all eyes to themselves, every actress would wear bright red. In my first play the frocks were forgotten in the general excitement, and at the first dress rehearsal all six actresses came on in the discovery scene in scarlet gowns."—New York Press.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough, Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

FANTAN AT MACAO.

Gambling Houses of the Monte Carlo of the East.

Macao, a Portuguese-Chinese port at the mouth of the Canton river in China, is the Monte Carlo of the east. One must wait until evening to seek the famous "fantan" houses. The interiors are brilliantly lighted with oil lamps (for Macao boasts neither electricity nor gas) and furnished with costly Canton blackwood elaborately carved and upholstered in velvet. There are two floors. The cooly class rendezvous on the ground floor, where the big games take place, but in the one above, immediately over the table in the room below, there is a square "well" with a rail around it at a narrow table furnished with betting books and pencils, cigarettes, etc.

The visitor may take a seat and sit down at the game, which really seems fair and simple. A man sits at the head of the table with a huge lien of brass "cash" before him and a skeler wand in his hand. He takes a handful of the coin and puts it on the table, covering it with a brass pot. Then the betting begins, the bets being laid on the number 1, 2, 3 or 4, after which the banker takes up the pot and counts out the cash in fours, separating them with his cane, the number left when the last "four" is reached being the subject of the betting. These houses, numerous as they are, make an enormous income and are a source of large revenue to Macao.—Exchange.

JAPANESE PAGODAS.

Enormous Pendulums Render These Old Structures Earthquake Proof.

The only old structures in Japan which seem to be earthquake proof are the pagodas, which were erected before the temples. There are many which are 700 or 800 years old and as solid as when first built.

There is a reason for this, and lies in their construction. A pagoda is practically a framework of heavy timbers which starts from a wide base and is in itself a substantial structure but produced still more stable by a peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy beam of timber two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end of the four sides. Four more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda be very lofty still more timbers, are added to these. The whole forms an enormous pendulum, which reaches within six inches of the ground.

When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the center of gravity always at the base of the framework. Consequently the equilibrium of the pagoda is never disturbed, and this is the explanation of the great age of many of them, when from their height one would suppose them to be peculiarly susceptible to the effects of the earthquake.

France and Fourteen.

So far as France is concerned, it is the number fourteen that has played a conspicuous and portentous part in her history. On May 14, 1554, the Rue de la Ferronnerie was enlarged by order of Henri II., and four times fourteen years later Henri IV. was assassinated there by Ravaillac—namely, on May 14, 1610. Henri had lived four times fourteen years, fourteen weeks and four times fourteen days—that is, fifty-six years and five months. Then Henri's son, Louis XIII., died May 14, 1643, the same day and month as his father. And 1643, added together, equals fourteen, just as 1553, the year of the birth of Henri IV., equals fourteen. Louis XIV. ascended the throne 1643, which, added together, equals fourteen, and similarly the year of his death (1715) equals fourteen.—London P. T. O.

Kept Them All on Edge.

One of the favorite devices of Lord Nelson when ships were cruising in company was to signal to a given craft that Lieutenant Smith or Staff Engineer Brown or Captain of Marines Jones was to take charge, on the assumption that all his superior officers on board had been put out of action. The author of "Trafalgar Refought" says that the result was very good, for no one knew when he might be called upon to take command, and every one therefore made a point of trying to make himself fit to carry out the duty should it ever be assigned to him.

Selfish Etiquette.

Some rules in an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for No. 1." Here are two of them:

When cake is passed do not finger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best.

Never refuse to taste of a dish because you are unfamiliar with it or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence, to your lasting regret.

An Electric Dance.

Take a pane of glass—a broken one will do—and secure it by placing the ends between the leaves of two large books, letting the glass be two inches from the table. Cut from lightweight writing paper, or, better still, from tissue paper, dolls, dogs and other figures. Place them on the table beneath the glass. Rub the glass vigorously with a silk handkerchief, and the figures will cut all kinds of antics.

Just Got It Out.

"Why in the name of goodness," exclaimed a man to an acquaintance, "do you keep taking out your watch? Going to catch a train?"

"Well, no," answered the other. "To tell you the truth, I haven't seen my watch for a long time."

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy in Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children as it's pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative has expelling phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Falling of Lucy.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Elwood craned his neck as the train drew in at the little station. Yes, here was the low, red brick structure, from either end of which the road wound away between the young oaks, now showing a faint misty brown in the late April sunshine.

With a sudden impulse he arose and grasped his hat and grip. In another instant he stood before the station house, while the train screamed away through the wooded tunnel of oaks.

He looked around at the familiar scene, slightly bewildered at the result of his impulsive action. He had left New York with the intention of spending the week end with friends at Shrimp Cove, but the familiar scenes through which the train had sped and which marked milestones in his memory had roused within him depths of feeling that he thought could not now exist.

Evading the puzzled glance of the station agent, he turned down the right hand road. Ultimately it would take him to the village hostelry. Incidentally it would lead him over old paths and permit his fancy to revel in banished dreams.

He plodded through the thick yellow sand with eager eyes on the budding hedges. Gratefully he inhaled the delicate spring odors that seemed to emanate from the golden afternoon sunshine.

He paused, once beside a foaming spring where sweetflag was shooting green blades from the black, oozy mud, and again in the Honeypot road, where arbutus clung to the steep banks and the pink pouch of the moccasin flower sprang from the fathomed tree stumps. Each time he removed his hat and stood with painfully knitted brow and reflective eyes. Then he moved on.

The village hotel was under new management, and he passed unchallenged by old acquaintances. He strolled down the straggling street after the evening meal was over and in the spring twilight revisited old haunts and revived old memories until his mind was a chaos of rage with himself and grief for the unattainable.

The next morning when clamoring bells rang out from the white painted churches and the quiet streets were gay with the Easter finery of the village belles Elwood made his way to a quaint old edifice tucked away on the shore road, so that when he was seated in a familiar place he could see the white gulls in the harbor and the thin drift of smoke from passing steamers on the sound.

The gathering congregation looked curiously at the dignified middle aged stranger who sat in the old Elwood pew, but he maintained an attitude of motionless rigidity, with eyes fixed steadily on the rippling water beyond the window. He was listening with painful eagerness for a light step.

It came. He heard the swish of silk and the soft slip of her feet as she ascended the steps of the chancel and took her place among the assembled choir. In his eyes mind he could see her, cool and pale, with flaxen hair and dark blue eyes.

There would be little change in her appearance after fifteen years. Her fair skin might have faded a little, and her slimness might have become angularity, but there would be no other visible alteration. Still, he could not look.

Two women rustled into the seat behind him and conversed in hissing whispers that reached his ear with annoying distinctness.

"Lucy Clifford's got on her blue foulard silk, ain't she?"

"Yes! I wonder if she's going to sing today?"

"I suppose so. Mr. Larkin said it would be the last year she could sing in the choir."

"Her voice is getting terrible thin, and once in awhile it gives out. She ain't sung for two or three weeks now. I guess she was saving it so's she could sing today."

"Lucy's getting to be a regular old maid. Now that she's left alone down to the old place, I guess she wishes she'd taken up with young Elwood after all."

"I hope her voice don't fail today," remarked one of the women as the low tones of the organ rumbled through the church.

Elwood turned his head. Yes; there she sat, her pale, pure profile outlined against the red and purple of the chancel window.

She looked as his memory had limned her save that she was not angular; she still retained her youthful slimness. There was a pathetic droop to her once proudly lifted head and a wistfulness in the full lidded eyes as she turned toward the congregation.

The organ ceased, the white robed minister entered and knelt in prayer, and then with a triumphant burst of music the choir arose and the notes of the anthem rang through the little church. Elwood pressed a hand across his stinging eyes as the familiar melody proceeded. It seemed but yesterday that he had stood beside Lucy Clifford in the choir and lifted his strong young voice in that same strain.

He heard the high notes of her thin soprano above the reedy tenor and the rumble of alto and bass, and there was an uncertain quality in it that caused his heart to beat a little faster in the fear that her voice might fail altogether. Anxiously he followed her through the anthem and sighed with relief when the final "Amen" died away in the rustle of the kneeling people.

The service proceeded as it had proceeded fifteen years ago. There was another minister and, save for Lucy Clifford, other voices in the choir. There were strangely familiar faces in the congregation, and his eyes elided many a glance of recognition. It was enough for him that he could look upon Lucy Clifford's sweet face once again. In the morning he would go away.

When the long sermon was finished the organ commenced a well known prelude, two gray haired wardens crenked up the aisle and received the oaken contribution boxes, while the choir arose to sing the offertory.

"Christ the Lord is risen today. Al-le-lu-ia!"

That was Lucy's voice rising high above the other singers, and again Elwood felt that tender apprehension lest she should fail. When the second stanza was begun her tones were strained and tremulous.

"She's going to break down!" whispered one of the women in the seat behind him.

"Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er"—

It had happened. With a discordant wail like the breaking of a violin string Lucy Clifford's voice died out. The startled choir paused for an instant, and then from the congregation burst a man's strong voice, "Al-le-lu-ia!"

To a triumphant conclusion he carried the fine old melody, his rich tenor supporting the wavering voices of the agitated choir. He had seen the white, frightened face of Lucy Clifford turned in his direction, and he threw all the vigor and force of his nature into the third stanza.

Almost unconsciously her tremulous voice took up the refrain, and once more their tones were united. It seemed as though her weak utterance rested on the assured strength of his, and he carried it up—up—to an exultant close until their voices blended in final joyous "Al-le-lu-ia!"

Lucy Clifford sank back in her seat with trembling hands and a flickering color in her pale cheeks. She did not glance at Allen Elwood, it was sufficient for her that he was present and that in the hour of her distress he had come to her rescue.

It was like him to have done that. It was strange that she had permitted that escapade of his youth to blind her to his many noble qualities. Well, it was too late now, but she could remember this day. It would be a pleasant memory to be stored away against a dreary future.

When the service was concluded, Lucy Clifford slipped through the side door into the churchyard and thence toward the opening in the stone wall that led to the homeward path across lots.

Elwood did not follow her. It would be of no use. He was too much of a black sheep. But when the flock fell he walked slowly along the shore road until he came to the old Clifford place.

It was a long, low, brown house facing the harbor. Tall cherry trees overshadowed its gabled roof, and thick hedges of pungent box bordered the winding paths. A wind swept up from the bay, and a shower of blossoms fell about him. A whippoorwill throbbed from the bough of an apple tree. It was like another night that was past.

There was a light step on the graveled path, a startled exclamation, and he was holding Lucy's unresisting hands in his own.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness, Lucy," he began tenderly.

"Nay," she murmured tremulously. "It is I who should ask yours for my narrow minded prejudices. But that is past—I—I tried to steel my heart and failed—and the years have been so long, Allen"— Her voice broke.

"I know," he said slowly, "but the years that are to come will be long and sweet, God willing!"

The whippoorwill whirred away through the darkness, while again the cherry trees swayed in the breeze and sent a shower of bridal whiteness over the lovers at the gate.

Philosophy of Good Clothes.

Besides the sentimental and aesthetic reasons that exist for dressing well it seems there is a scientific one, if we accept the statement of a London medical man that a good suit of clothes acts as a tonic on the mind of the wearer, while the consciousness that one is not at one's best in appearance if wearing shabby or ill fitting clothes may be reckoned as one of life's real handicaps. In the moral support that smart clothing furnishes he thinks there is a source of mental strength and activity that aids one to center one's thoughts on the things that lead to success in one's trade and profession. To be shockingly attired and to be constantly conscious of the condition leads the mind into worrying ways that dissipate healthy energy.—Boston Transcript.

A Different Brand.

An eminent medical gentleman engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."—Lippincott's Magazine.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

L. K. Hogarth
Drugs and Medicines

Our twenty years' experience in compounding prescriptions insures accuracy in this dept.

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream
Ice Cream Soda in a Clean Glass at
L. K. HOGARTH'S.
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.
We carry a complete and fresh stock of
FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.
AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Graiff Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find
Just What You Want.
Line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.
Write or come to us at
925 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
C.A.SNOW & CO.

C. A. BURDICK
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best; therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weaknesses and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy of KNOWN composition, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equaled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible

AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

FISHING TACKLE

Roofing and building material

Dairy Supplies Barb Wire and Nails

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 18, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—J. C. Cunningham is repainting his house.

—Oscar Engstrom has a new advertisement in this issue.

—The Emporium Independent closed its 41st year of publication with the issue of Thursday, June 11, 1908.

—Miss Alice Evans of San Francisco, Cal., on Tuesday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, a store building and lot in Belmont, N. Y., to E. J. Mapes of Belmont.

—The Gold Eagle Hotel at Eldred has been sold by Mrs. Freda Ogilvie to Thomas Slavin of Duke Centre. The new proprietor will take possession as soon as the license can be transferred.

—The new tennis court of several of our tennis enthusiasts is about completed. It is located on the B. D. Hamlin lot on Main street. This will undoubtedly be the best court Smethport has ever had.

—St. Agnes' Guild, under the direction of Miss May Choate, will render the cantata "The Court of Queen Summer Gold," at St. Luke's parish house, Thursday evening, June 18th, at eight o'clock. Admission ten cents.

—C. P. Kennedy, one of Bradford's best known citizens, was married to Miss Eva Shively of Barboursville, Ky., at the Methodist church in that place on Wednesday of last week. His many friends in this vicinity wish them a long, happy life.

—A number of the young friends of Miss Eva Hopper, who leaves Saturday for their new home at Hornell, N. Y., entertained her at the opera house Thursday evening with a dancing party, at which refreshments and other social enjoyments were the order. Those present report an enjoyable time tempered with regrets over the loss of valued friends.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—According to the Insurance Press nearly $115,000 was paid out by life insurance companies in McKean Co. during the last year. The amount paid out in Bradford was $84,701; of this amount $26,000 was paid to the Myron Matson estate, and $20,000 to the Fenton McCrea estate. The amounts paid in other towns in the county follow: Eldred, $4290; Hazelhurst, $2000; Kane $16,126; Mt. Jewett, $3700, and Port Allegany $4,813.

—Daly & Garlick's new advertisement is interesting. Read it.

—Mrs. Jay North killed a rattle snake in the woods near Bradford last Sunday. A rattle snake in McKean county is rarely found.

—Mrs. Watley Gifford entertained at bridge whist Tuesday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. W. D. Fisher. The high favor was awarded to Mrs. D. D. Young.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Hopkins of this place have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Bessie, to Mr. William H. Monagin. The happy event will occur at the residence of the bride, Monday afternoon, June 28th, at 4 o'clock, 423 Bridle street.—Kane Republican.

—Last evening during the electrical storm here, lightning struck one of the oil tanks at the pump station also the telegraph station at East Kane. Before any great damage was done the oil was run from the tank into an adjoining tank, and the fire extinguished. All the wires in the telegraph office were completely destroyed and the interior set on fire, but it was soon put out, says Monday's Kane Republican.

—A victim of practical jokers, Morris Caseberg, 22 years old, died at a hospital in Pittsburg recently. He had been employed at the Duquesne Steel works, and on May 30, it is alleged, fellow workmen inflated his body with compressed air, causing peritonitis. A charge of murder was made by Coroner Armstrong against John Penuell, in connection with the death of Caseberg. This is the fourth death as the result of using the compressed air on men. The victims all suffered seriously.

Nature has provided the stomach with certain natural fluids known as the digestive juices, and it is through those juices that the food we eat is acted upon in such a way as to produce the rich, red blood that flows through the veins of our body and thereby makes us strong, healthy and robust, and it is the weakening of these digestive juices that destroys health. It is our own fault if we destroy our own health, and yet it is so easy for any one to put the stomach out of order. When you need to take something take it promptly, but take something you know is reliable—something like Kodol For Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Kodol is pleasant to take, it is reliable and is guaranteed to give relief. It is sold by L. L. Hogarth.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FIDELITY GRANGE, SMETHPORT.

(Written by Alice H. Gallup.)

The following program has been prepared by the Lecturer for the next meeting to be held June 20th:

Song, grange; reading, Mrs. Maria Carter; reading, J. Cosper; recitation, J. C. Wirt; talk on Rose Culture, G. B. Mayo; song, grange; reading Geo. McGowan; recitation, Miss Emma Sawyer; spelling contest; quotations.

Flavoring Tobacco.

Nearly all tobaccos are doctored in various ways in order to suit the tastes of different consumers. Each manufacturer—even in Havana—has his own secret methods, handed down from father to son, which are regarded as perfectly legitimate and necessary in the preparation of the soothing weed. Saltpeter is added to the tobacco to make it burn well, licorice, honey, molasses and maple sugar to give sweetness to it for the special benefit of chewers and rum to make it keep well and preserve its properties. Nearly every plant which will afford a perfume is used in the preparation of what are known as "fancy" tobaccos. But it is not true, as some suppose, that opium and deleterious drugs are employed, save in a few brands of imported Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes. Among the flavors used are coffee, tea, valerian, lemon, orange, geranium, sassafras, thyme, anise, mint and gingamon. Gum and glycerin are occasionally employed to bind the tobacco particles so that they shall not crumble into dust. The various ingredients are made into a kind of sauce, into which the tobacco leaves are dipped or with which they are sprinkled.—London Answers.

The Proper Adjective.

At the close of a revival service in Philadelphia the minister of the church went down the aisle, according to his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "I don't think you are a member of our church," said he to one as he warmly shook his hand. "No, sir," replied the stranger. "Well, you will not think me unduly curious if I ask to what denomination you belong?" asked the minister. "I suppose," responded the other, "I'm really what you might call a submerged Presbyterian." "A submerged Presbyterian?" exclaimed the minister. "I should be glad if you would explain." "Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist at a Unitarian church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday school." "But," said the minister, sighing, "you contribute doubtless to some church?" "Yes; I contribute to all of them," was the answer. "That's what submerges me."

Crows and Strings.

It was proved centuries ago that a crow can count up to three and no more. I met a farmer once who said that his corn crop had not failed to twenty years owing to his habit of stringing his field. He explained: "No crow will enter an angle formed by two strings stretched on poles. I illustrated this to some friends several years ago by sowing a small field in corn for fodder, protecting it by a zigzag string running from one end to the other. Within the angles formed by the string not a blade of the young crop was touched, but close without them, at each end, the whole crop was demolished. A crow is a very wise fool, and this is an effective and cheap way of circumventing him."—New York Press.

Sign Language on the Curb.

Any one would imagine all the curb brokers in Broad street were mutes. They use the sign language down there now to convey quotations and sales to their office boys and clerks who sit in the windows of the offices to catch the quotations. As a matter of fact, some of the brokers use the deaf and dumb alphabet; others use a distinct signaling code of their own, known only to the one single house and its representatives. Even this, however, has to be changed now and then. The brokers possess a nimble wit, and they soon learn the secret signs of their competitors.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Safest Way.

"My friends dragged me into this wretched affair," shiveringly said the first duellist to his adversary as the seconds approached with the deadly weapons. "I never pulled the trigger of a pistol in my life, so if I hit you it will be an accident."

"Nor is this awful duel to my liking," whined the challenger, white to the gills. "Like you, a pistol is a strange article to my hands, and if I shoot you it will be with a stray shot."

"Then, for heaven's sake," exclaimed the first duellist, with a ray of hope, "let's aim carefully at each other or one of us may get hit!"—Kansas City Newsbook.

Selwyn's Curious Taste.

George Selwyn had a strange but not uncommon passion for seeing dead bodies, especially those of his friends. He would go any distance to gratify this pursuit. Lord Holland was laid up very ill at Holland House shortly before his death. George Selwyn sent to ask how he was and whether he would like to see him. Lord Holland answered: "Oh, by all means! If I'm alive tomorrow I shall be delighted to see George, and I know that if I am dead he will be delighted to see me!"

Went a Shade Better.

"You—you are temperamentally impossible," roared the first angry man.

"And you," replied the second, getting red in the face "are temperamentally inconceivable."—Philadelphia Ledger.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, are sold by L. L. Hogarth.

Costly Jar of the Subway.

The tuppenny tube, London's subway, once set fire to a house in a manner so extraordinary as to merit attention. In a mansion beneath which runs the subterranean railway one of the bedroom fireplaces was fitted with a blower—a sheet of iron inside the grate which can be raised or lowered to regulate the draft. The blower rested on a series of iron notches. One afternoon a servant kindled a fire in the grate and when it was well alight raised the blower, so that the coal would burn but slowly, and so left it while she went downstairs. Presently, deep in the clay beneath the foundations of the house, a tram rushed along. The vibrations from a passing were sufficient to jar the blower from the notches on which the servant had left it. It dropped down. The draft increased; the fire raged madly. The flames were enough to set the chimney on fire, burning soot set the water tank on the roof alight, and there resulted a considerable conflagration.—Pittsburg Post.

A Girl and a Snake.

It is a matter of fact that men have greater fear of serpents than have women. During a visit to friends in the country I was crossing a stretch of meadow in the company of my hostess' daughter, a sprightly girl of seventeen, when a black snake crossed the path ten feet in front of us. I caught my companion by the sleeve, but she wrenched herself loose, gathered her skirts about her knees, gave a running jump and landed squarely upon the back of the reptile. His snakeship thrashed the grass and the girl's ankles with equal futility. As soon as she could disengage one foot she planted it upon the serpent's head. In the absence of club or stones I was compelled to stand and witness a scene that to me was terrifying, but to the girl furnished supreme enjoyment. Years afterward when I read Haggard's description of Jess' fight with the kangaroo I understood the kind of entertainment that my young companion had provided for me.—Brooklyn Eagle.

There's a Hare in the Moon.

Equally famous with the man in the moon and the woman in the moon is the hare in the moon, says Garrett P. Serviss in his "Astronomy With the Naked Eye." The original is a Buddhist legend. The god Sakkra, disguised as a Brahman, pretended to be starving and went to the animals for help. The monkey got him a bunch of mangoes; the coot picked up a fisherman's neglected string for him; the fox stole him a pot of milk. At last the goat approached the hare. "I have nothing but grass," said the hare, "and you can't eat that." "But your flesh is good," suggested the pretended Brahman. The hare assented. "Then," said the Brahman, "I'll kindle a fire at the foot of this rock, and you jump off into it. That'll save me the trouble of killing you." The hare assented again, but as he jumped from the rock the goat caught him in his arms and then drew his figure in the moon as a perpetual reminder of the excellence of self sacrifice.

Cerebral Embolism.

Cerebral embolism, or the occlusion or plugging of an artery in the brain, causes sudden death. Growths or vegetations form on the valves of the heart. While attached they are harmless, but the instant one, large or small, becomes loosened and enters the rapid arterial current a very perilous condition obtains. The embolus, or plug, enters a vessel that becomes narrower and narrower and at last it is arrested and occludes or plugs the artery, thereby cutting off the blood supply. The force of the blood current back of the embolus keeps it at the seat of arrest. In brain cases the middle cerebral artery, at the base of the brain, is affected. Once lodged unconsciousness follows and soon death. Some of the symptoms resemble those of a true cerebral hemorrhage or apoplexy.—New York Herald.

A Quaint English Ceremony.

On the last day of each October the city solicitor of London, with an assistant, attends upon the royal remembrancer, when by proclamation "the tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called the moors, in the county of Salop," are commanded to "come forth and do your service upon pain and peril that shall fall thereon." The solicitor chops in halves two faggots, one with a hatchet and the other with a billhook. Afterward comes the summons to the tenants, etc., of "a certain tenement with a forge" in the Strand and the payment of six horseshoes, with sixty-one shoe nails, by the solicitor. This forge has long ceased to be, and the same shoes and nails are used year after year, the shoes being at least two centuries old.

Spell This.

Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence:

"It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two pecked pears."

Read it over to your friends and see how many of them can spell every word correctly. The sentence contains some of the real puzzlers of the spelling book.

Too Good a Chance to Miss.

He (indignantly)—They have put us in a back pew this morning. Why, I wonder? She (calmly)—They probably noticed that I wore a dowdy hat and that I shouldn't care to have it seen!

There is a saying that people are as "homely as a mud fence." Did any one ever see a mud fence or know if there is such a thing?—Atchison Globe.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$293,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED D. GALLUP, JOHN FORREST, JAMES A. McKEAN, C. E. CHILES, CHARLES McKEAN, H. H. REDFIELD

White Diamond flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1oo per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 18, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS:
CAPT. O. F. BARCLAY
of Senecahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT B. ANDERSON
of Clermont

The Crane Company of Chicago, capitalized at $10,000,000, and one of the largest manufacturers in the United States of brass valves, fittings, etc., has closed a deal with the S. M. Willock estate for the purchase of 30 acres of land in Oakmont, near Pittsburg, upon which to erect a $1,000,000 plant that will give employment to 2,000 men.

This week, in our old War news column we publish a letter from a soldier which shows the bitter feeling that existed during the dark days of the Civil War. It is surprising how quickly this feeling ended after this awful war, and that now there is not the slightest sign of such trouble ever existing. This all goes to prove that the people of the United States are like one great family and that fights between brothers and sisters are quickly forgotten.

"WHAT we must have is a Ku-Klux-Klan," declared H. E. Kress, a rabid negro politician at Chicago, "and every black man in the nation who is loyal to his race must be a member. Traitors and race betrayers must be punished with death. The fate of the negro race for the next hundred generations is at stake." Mr. Kress is a type of the reckless, loose-mouthed agitators whose incendiary utterances have been a curse to the black race ever since the elective franchise was given it. The public may be interested in learning that Mr. Kress' ferocious and bloodthirsty state of mind was induced by nothing more heinous than the collapse of the Foraker Presidential boom.

"BLIND TOM," the famous pianist, whose real name was Thomas Wiggins, died in New York last Saturday. His death has been reported many times before but heretofore has always proved untrue. Thirty years ago there was no name so well known in the musical world as that of "Blind Tom." This broad-shouldered, solemn faced negro who, despite his lack of sight, could run the gamut of Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin, Rubenstein, Wagner and the other great composers. His technique was almost flawless and despite the gloom one might imagine would be attached to the temperament of a man who was devoid of sight, he threw his heart and soul into to even the rollicking music of the old plantation airs of ante-bellum days. Tom was born in 1840. He was the son of Charity and Mignon Wiggins, slaves on a plantation in Georgia.

Alleged Capitol Grafters Not Guilty.

All of the defendants in the Capitol metalic furniture contract conspiracy cases were acquitted by the jury Saturday morning, and the costs of the case placed upon James T. Walters, county detective of Dauphin county, who brought the prosecution. Ten ballots were taken to reach this result.

Judge Kunkle, in his charge to the jury on Friday directed the acquittal of the three former State officials, William P. Snyder, former Auditor General; Wm. L. Mathues, former State Treasurer, and James M. Shoemaker, former Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings, leaving the question of the guilt or innocence of Joseph M. Huston, the architect, and Congressman H. Burd Cassel to the jury to decide. The jury retired at 11:35 o'clock Friday morning and therefore were out just twenty-two hours.

Saturday's verdict does not dispose of the Capitol scandal. There are other indictments pending against the former State officials and the other persons who had to do with building the Capitol. These indictments are not likely to be brought into court until next fall. It is probable that the only one to be tried will be that of Charles G. Wettu, of the firm of Payne & Company. Wettu's partner, George Payne, died several days ago. The first Capitol grafts trial resulted in the conviction of the former State officials, with John H. Sanderson, the contractor. They have asked for a new trial, but their motion will not be argued until next October.

It cannot be said that the verdict is a surprise. It is a most difficult matter to prove fraud or collusion or conspiracy and this the State evidently failed to do. Nobody doubts that the State has been grievously wronged, that the new State Capitol represents an enormous and outrageous steal, a stupendous fraud. But to fasten that robbery, that fraud, that graft upon the parties connected with its creation is a matter that requires proof of the conspiracy alleged, and there's the rub.

In the case just ended, it was clearly a matter of insufficient evidence that resulted in acquittal of the accused men.

Fearful Tortures.

Some years ago I was a teacher in Afghanistan, and during my stay in that country I was often an unwilling witness of some horrible exhibitions of torture. Here is one they use in the case of women to extract testimony. It consists in prying off the finger nails by means of a small chisel or brad awl, which is shoved in slowly, but firmly, from the finger tip downward under the quick of the nail, which is then lifted up and out.

This is another that I once saw used in the case of a small child, who would not own up to some petty theft: Sticks were thrust between its fingers and the fingers then squeezed together, so that the sticks crushed into the bones. So much for women and children. Here is a method of eliciting information from an unwilling man: The culprit is stripped to the waist, and then boiling oil is dicked on to his back. This seldom fails to find the man's tongue.

The above are the chief forms of "tahsim," or torture, for the purpose of eliciting information, but it must be stated that such infelicitous as nipping of noses, tearing out tongues or splitting eyeballs do not come under the heading of "tahsim," they being punishments rather than tortures.—London Standard.

Duchesse and Anarchist.

Upon one occasion the Duchesse d'Uzes and Louise Michel met at the bedside of a poor sick woman whom they were mutually aiding. They met here frequently for a brief period. The woman died. Louise Michel, who was present at the death, wrote to the duchesse: "Madame—Our poor friend is dead. I have looked among her few belongings for a souvenir for you. Here is a small piece of passementerie done by her hands. Accept it." A few days afterward Mme. la Duchesse d'Uzes, nee Mortemart, went to the home of Louise Michel, the anarchist—a bizarre abode at Levallois where the poor found always both a good word and a piece of bread—to thank the "red virgin" for her letter and her gift. A friendship so was cemented between the oddly assorted pair that was later not without result in the operation of the most gigantic charity of the Duchesse d'Uzes—Boulangerism.—Harper's Bazar.

He Left at Once.

He had been worshiping her for months, but I.d never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come after and stayed late—very late—and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on a holiday, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11:30 by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock.

"Miss Mollie," he said tremulously, "I am going away tomorrow."

"Are you?" she said with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I thought you might go away this evening."

Then he gazed at the clock wistfully and said good night.—London Scraps.

The Power of the Whale.

If the whale knew its own power, it could easily destroy all the machinery which the art of man could devise for catching him. It would only be necessary for him to swim on the surface in a straight line in order to break the thickest rope, but instead, on being struck by the harpoon, he obeys a natural instinct, which, in this instance, betrays him to his death. Not having an air bladder, he can sink to the lowest depths of the ocean, and, mistaking the harpoon for the teeth of a swordfish or a shark, he instantly descends, this being its manner of freeing himself from these enemies, who cannot bear the pressure of a deep ocean, and from descending and ascending in small space he thus puts himself in the power of the whaler.

Tired mothers, worn out by peevish, cross babies have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L.K. Hogarth.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C.A. Anderson, Colegrove.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

JUNE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Restful, delightful, interesting, and instructive, there is no trip like that on the Great Lakes, those inland seas which form the border line between the United States and Canada. And June is one of the most charming months of the year in which to take the trip.

For comfort the fine passenger steamships of the Anchor Line have no superiors. As well-appointed as the palatial ocean greyhounds which plow the Atlantic, their schedule allows sufficient time at all stopping places to enable the traveler to see something of the great lake cities and to view in daylight the most distinctive sights of the lakes, and the scenery which frames them.

The trip through the Detroit River, and through Lake St. Clair, with its great ship canal in the middle of the lake, thence through Lake Huron, the locking of the steamer through the great locks at the Soo, and the passage of the Portage Entry, lake and canal, across the upper end of Michigan are novel and interesting features.

The voyage from Buffalo to Duluth covers over eleven hundred miles in the five days' journey. Leaving Buffalo the steamships Juniata and Tionesta, make stops at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, the Soo, Marquette, Houghton and Hancock, and Duluth.

The 1908 season opens on June 16, when the Steamer Tionesta will make her first sailing from Buffalo.

The Anchor Line is the Great Lake Annex of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the service measures up to the high standard set by the "Standard Railroad of America."

An illustrated folder, giving sailing dates of steamers, rates of fare, and other information is in course of preparation, and may be obtained when ready from any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent, who is also prepared to book passengers who may desire to take this trip through the Great Lakes and back.

The French "Mrs. Malaprop."

Calino, the French "Mrs. Malaprop," does not amuse so much by the confusion of his words as by the quaintness and unintended plainness of his remarks. He entered the service of a well known doctor who, after Calino had been buying hay for his horses for awhile, made up his mind that the hay was worthless.

"That is very poor hay that you've been buying," the doctor complained.

"But the horses eat it, sir," said Calino.

"No matter. It's bad hay."

"Yes, sir," said Calino respectfully. "I'll change it. I know you are a much better judge of hay than the horses are!"

One day the bell rang and Calino came in.

"A patient has arrived, sir," he reported.

"An old patient or a new one?" asked the doctor.

"New one, of course, sir," said Calino. "The old ones never come back!"

Calino admired very much the beautiful teeth of a lady among his master's patients.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "Her teeth are as fresh and sound and white as a newborn baby's!"

Idiomatic English.

Mrs. Fremont, in a sketch of her father, Senator Benton, tells the following story of the French bishop at St. Louis at the time of the purchase of Louisiana. She says:

It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English, but the bishop decided that it would be better to acquire it, especially for use from the pulpit. To force himself into the familiar practice of the language he secluded himself for awhile with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. The experiment proved very successful. Soon he had gained a sufficient fluency to deliver a sermon in English. Senator Benton was present when it was to be given, and his feelings may be imagined as the bishop, a refined and polished gentleman, announced:

"My friends, I'm right down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here today."

Lincoln's History of Himself.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected to congress Charles Lanman, then editor of the Congressional Record, according to the regular custom, forwarded to Mr. Lincoln as well as to all other members elect a blank to be filled out with facts and dates which might be made the basis for a biographical sketch in the directory. Mr. Lincoln's blank was returned promptly, filled up in his own handwriting with the following information:

"Born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Ky.

"Education, defective.

"Profession, lawyer.

"Military service, captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war.

"Offices held: Postmaster at a very small office, four times a member of the Illinois legislature and elected to the lower house of the next congress."

An Eyewitness.

"Have you any witnesses of the accident?" asked the Brentford county court judge recently.

"Yes," was the reply, "my uncle. He is not here because he is blind."—London Telegraph.

Take Care of the Pennies, Etc.

"Make anything on that deal?" Gobsa Golde inquired.

"Only a million," Myduss gloomily replied.

"Well, every million counts."—New York Press.

Grove City College—Summer Term begins June 23rd—lasts eight weeks. Largest summer school in Pennsylvania. Thirty-eight Professors and Lecturers (three from Great Briton) special work in English and Philosophy. Schools of Normal and Collegiate branches, Pedagogy, Music, Art, Commercial Branches, Stenography and Typewriting. Students can get any work desired. $40.60 will cover all necessary expenses. Address President Ketler, Grove City, Pa.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 13, 1908:

Mrs. I. B. Gerow, Ethalyn Reynolds.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. G. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidneys, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. They are recommended everywhere. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

We give you Your Choice of Eighty Farms.

This agency has listed to-day over 80 farms for sale. They vary in size from 10 to 800 acres and in price from $500 to $10,000. They are located in McKean, Potter, Allegany and Cattaragus counties. Some are well timbered, some have stock and tools, some are valley, some are hill and some river bottom farms. All of them are worth much more than they are priced at. We will be pleased to send you the list free on request. We have sold over 50 farms the past year, and every buyer was satisfied that he got big value. A majority of these farms can be purchased on a moderate payment down, and the balance in easy yearly payments. Our services are free to buyers, the only compensation we receive is a small commission paid by the seller after the sale is made. So write us to-day about the size farm you want, the location desired, and about how much you can pay down. If we haven't such a farm listed to-day we will find it for you without charge.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

Ordinance No. 76.

AN ORDINANCE ADOPTING, CONFIRMING AND ACCEPTING THE MAPS, PLANS, PROFILE AND SPECIFICATIONS MADE BY ENGINEER A. F. BANNON, FOR THE GRADING, PAVING AND CURBING OF A PORTION OF MAIN STREET BETWEEN MCCOY'S CORNERS AND LONG STREET AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES INCONSISTENT HEREWITH.

Sect. 1. Be it enacted and it is hereby ordained by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport, that the maps, plans, profile and specifications for the grading, paving and curbing of a portion of Main street between McCoy's Corners and Long street, made by Engineer A. F. Bannon and now on file with the Secretary of the Council of said Borough, be, and the same are hereby adopted, ratified, confirmed and accepted.

Sect. 2. All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Attest: ..... President of Council.

..... Secretary of Council.

Approved this.....day of....., A. D. 1908.

..... Burgess

New Spring Hats

Swell Clothing

New Neckwear

Everything up-to-date for Men.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS
RADISHES
CELERY
TOMATOES

LETTUCE
CUCUMBERS
SPINACH
STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Grocery

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery,
Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

PICKLES

This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

Next week I will have a whole Carload of Salt of all grades which I am prepared to offer at lowest prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Oscar Engstrom.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENN'A

Do you know

that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern

Photographs

ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.

I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow

East Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

The Lindholm Co.

SHIRT WAISTS.

The complete line of Waists on our counters at just one-half price. Not all sizes in every style but all sizes in the line, and every one worth more than you pay.

There is a reason for this: We wish to move every Waist off the counters and the price will move them and move them quickly. If you need a Waist, or several Waists, see these. They will please you.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

Buy the Standard make of Farm Machinery, for which you can always get extra parts. We sell the McCORMICK, DEERING and MILWAUKEE MOWERS, TEDDERS and RAKES.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 18, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Methodist Episcopal church is being re-painted.

—A. B. Armstrong is serious ill at his home on Water street.

—Beautiful new stock of hand painted china just received, call. Mollie E. Pierce.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hyde on Friday, June 12, a girl, weighing eight pounds.

—The Smethport base ball team left this morning for Eldred where they will play this afternoon.

—Don't forget to attend the cantata, "Queen Summer Gold," at St. Luke's parish house Thursday, June 18th, at 8 o'clock.

—The Saturday night dances at the Lyceum continue to increase in popularity. You should attend Saturday night as a good time is assured.

—N. U. Hyde and son, William, of East Smethport spent two days at the head of Potato creek last week and brought home with them 110 nice trout.

—The scaffolding has been removed from the tower of the court house, and the tower and clock present a fine appearance since receiving the fresh coat of paint.

—The Herrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y., has a new advertisement. This advertisement tells of eighty good farms for sale at reasonable prices. Read it carefully.

—The entire track between Bliss, N. Y., and Machias, on the B., R. & P., was washed out and had to be relaid on account of the hard rain of Sunday night making it unsafe.

—The Mrs. Flora Hall house and lot in Ceres, N. Y., was sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar on Friday to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wright of Baltimore, Md., who will take possession on August first.

—Owing to the change of program on the Shawmut railroad, Engineer Lawrence Hopper finds it convenient to locate at Hornell, N. Y., and on Saturday the members of his family will leave Mt. Jewett for that place, where they will make their home for the future. During the two years the members of the Hopper family have resided in Mt. Jewett they have very firmly established themselves in the hearts of our people, and their departure will be [illegible] regretted. Hopes for their [illegible] prosperity in their new home will be extended by every resident of Mt. Jewett.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Mrs. Arnold Addy gave a concert at the Methodist Episcopal church Tuesday evening which was attended by a large audience. Mrs. Bronson of Franklinville played the accompaniments for Mrs. Addy which were rendered in a very pleasing manner. The concert was a decided success.

—A number of Smethport's musicians met at the Court House Tuesday evening and had practice. It is the hope of all that we may have a band this season, as the town certainly has enough musical talent to have a first class, home grown band. Let each and every one do all they can for the good cause.

—The heavy rain on Sunday night washed out the north abutment of what is known as the "little dyke" at the foot of Union street to such an extent that the pond was drained. This will have to be rebuilt before Holmes & Gilfillan can start their saw mill. It also slunts off the water power for Herzog's grist mill.

—Pacy Hill, the Potter county young man who killed his cousin, Miss Chloe Hancock, at her home in Olean on March 18 last, is on trial for his life at Little Valley, N. Y., this week. Late reports are to the effect that the evidence in the case is about all in and it is expected that this case will go to the jury sometime to-day.

—Opening Friday morning at 9 o'clock and continuing until Saturday evening Daly & Garlick will offer a fine display of plain and fancy dishes for sale at extremely low prices. Any dish in the window will go for 25 cents and the first come, first served. This special sale will only last two days and remember it opens to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

—Frank Lowry of Bradford is in town this week in the interest of the electric light plant he intends starting in this place. Mr. Lowry informed the writer yesterday that he was meeting with a good deal of encouragement from the people in the way of contracts and that he expects to put in a first-class plant. He also informed us that he would be in a position to furnish power for manufacturing purposes at practically the same rate as it is furnished in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, which should be a big inducement for locating more industries in this place.

—T. M. Waterbury, said to be the champion piano player, last evening at 8 o'clock undertook to brake his record of 26 hours and 30 minutes constant playing in the show window of the Ellison music store on Main street. He has a couple of attendants and was given nourishment at intervals during the night without stopping. When he commenced his endurance stunt, a large crowd gathered in front of the store. At 2 o'clock this morning there were quite a number of people in front of the store watching the musician who appeared to be as fresh as when he started six hours before, says this morning's Bradford Era.

—Friday evening while Mrs. P. D. Hopkins and Mrs. Gust Palmquist were coming down Biddle street after dark, on their bicycles, Mrs. Hopkins ran into a sand pile which was put on the street that afternoon by Costello & Nagle, where the pavement is being repaired. Mrs. Hopkins was thrown to the ground badly hurting her arm and cutting the upper lip.—Kane Republican.

—Lightning struck the residence of Herman Sasso on Cemetery street during the storm last Sunday afternoon. The bolt first struck the chimney, knocking off several brick, went down into one of the rooms, tearing off some plaster, knocked a picture down and when the wire holding the picture struck the carpet it burned a hole in it. The damage however is comparatively slight.

—One of the most daring kidnapping cases on record occurred at Hornell last week when an unknown man broke into the house of Antonio Gemaritto, a wealthy Italian, and stole his two children, Joseph, aged 7, and a 10-months-old girl, together with clothing, cash, silverware and other valuables. The deed is supposed to be of Black Hand origin and it is believed that the children are being held for ransom.

—Guy McCoy is confined to the house with a sprained foot. He was fishing on the headwaters of Potato creek on Tuesday and in getting over a log he injured his right foot, but though it was only a slight bruise and he continued fishing. He got home in the evening and during the night that member gave him so much pain that a doctor was called, and he learned that it was a bad sprain.

—The Barnum Oil company of Olean has purchased of W. F. Barr of Eldred 23 producing wells and 181 acres of oil and gas right located at Barnum near Rock City. The production is about four barrels and the purchase price was $11,000. There is an engine and rig at each well and the junk alone is worth the price paid for the property. This is considered one of the best purchases of the year in the McKean county field. The Barnum Oil company is composed of a number of Olean young men who are developing a lease adjoining the Barr property.—Portville Review.

—On Wednesday evening at the auction sale at Ball's store, the auctioneer offered for sale a silver dollar. When he asked for bids, a woman in the crowd offered 90 cents. "Sold," said the auctioneer. The young man in charge was sent to the woman for the cash and was told that she did not have the money handy, but would be willing to take 10 cents and call the deal closed. The auctioneer insisted upon having the 90 cents and finally the purchaser of the silver dollar drew her purse from her hose and paid the boy the 90 cents and took the silver dollar. It is said that the fun caused by the incident was worth another dollar.—Bradford Era.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. J. C. Backus was an Eldred visitor Friday.

Harry Rubin was a St. Marys visitor this week.

Rev. J. H. McCandless is in Pittsburg this week.

J. C. Wirt was in Bradford the first of the week.

Harry Metzgar is in Buffalo this week on business.

E. A. Hamilton had business in Bradford Monday.

J. C. Backus had business at West Line Monday.

S. P. Burton of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

Mrs. Burg Chadwick is a Buffalo visitor this week.

A. F. Bannon, Jr., of Bradford was in town Wednesday.

Will Blake of Eldred passed Sunday with friends in town.

Ed McClure passed Sunday at Coudersport with friends.

Lester Simons of Bradford had business in town Wednesday.

Miss Bertha Willsie of Port Allegany is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Maude Frost was the guest of Port Allegany friends Sunday.

Katheryn Morey has been the guest of Bradford friends this week.

David Barr of Mt. Jewett was greeting friends in town Wednesday.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

A. G. McAllister of Colegrove was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Mrs. J. C. Hoffman was the guest of Hazelhurst friends Friday and Saturday.

Chas. Goodrich of Lyons, N. Y., is the guest of relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell and children were Bradford visitors the first of the week.

Roger Shero of Haverford College spent Sunday in Smethport, the guest of Miss Choate.

Col. M. M. Gillette is attending the Republican convention which is being held at Chicago.

Miss Olive Rebennack of Mt. Jewett was calling on her friends in town Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Charles Freeman was the guest of Mrs. W. A. Young of Eldred the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mason of Pittsburg are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong.

Chas. McCoy of New York is spending his vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Capehart of Coudersport are visiting Mr. Capehart's mother, Mrs. J. Colegrove.

Mrs. Arnold Addy and Mrs. Bronson were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris while in town Tuesday.

Mrs. F. J. Shattuck and daughters, Mable and Grace, of Limesville are visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Backus.

Otto Engstrom expects to leave the latter part of the week for an extended visit with relatives and friends in Sweden.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Jones of Bradford were the guests of their daughters, Mrs. J. B. Gallup and Mrs. George Howe, over Sunday.

Donovan Bell who has been a student at Chamberlain Institute at Randolph, N. Y., has returned home for the summer vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker were in Kane Thursday and attended the wedding of Miss Lucy Harriet Brown and Charles Oaker Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Abbey returned home Saturday from Bradford where they had been the guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. M. Thumm.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hackett of Mt. Jewett passed a few days this week at the home of Mr. Hackett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hackett.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle, daughter Marie, Rev. J. F. Dugan and Miss Carney attended commencement exercises at St. Bonaventure College this week.

Mrs. James McKean and grandchildren, Margaret and James Hubbard, left Monday for a month's visit with relatives and friends at Cortland, N. Y.

Lockard's Fatal Slide.

A dispatch from Punxsutawney dated June 13, says: With his neck broken and his head swinging from side to side, Frederick Lockard, 20 years old, walked from the baseball diamond to the grandstand and sat on a seat several minutes before he fell unconscious. None of his companions were aware of his probably fatal injury until he was taken to Dr. Grube's hospital here.

Lockard, who was playing in a game between the Cubs and the Tigers of the City league, attempted to steal second base. As he slived to the sack Second baseman Perry Dock caught the ball. Dock fell on his knee over the base, catching Lockard's head as the latter slid in. It is thought that had the injured man been kept still after the accident he could have been saved, as the spinal cord remained uninjured when the spine snapped. His walking to the grandstand caused the broken bones to sever the cord.

An Old Printer.

George B. Herrick, who has been a regular employee of the Times job rooms for over four years past, is not only the oldest active printer in Steuben county, we believe, but he is one of the youngest men in mind and body for his age to be found in the state. Mr. Herrick resides in Whitesville and travels back and forth daily by railroad to his work in this office. He has spent more than an average lifetime in the printing business, having held important positions in Rochester and New York. In Whitesville Mr. Herrick is commander of the G. A. R. Post, president of the Whitesville club and prominent in social and church affairs. His seventy-fourth birthday was Thursday—spent as usual turning out job work in this office.—Canisteo, N. Y., Times.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C.A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Lost—A small Cameo pin, on King St., between residence and opera house, or at opera house, June 8, 1908. Return to John N. Apple and receive reward.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

THE BEST REMEDY

for keeping cool—wear one of our

50c or $1.00 Shirts.

Our 50c shirts are as well fitting as any $1.00 Shirt. We have a fine selection of this kind—though we have made a special effort to give to our patrons

A DOLLAR SHIRT

like the other stores usually charge $1.50 and sometimes more. We have all colors in Silk, Chambry and Madras—with or without Collars attached—at

50c and $1.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

HOT WEATHER HELPS.

Make your porches comfortable for the Summer. More than half the people miss the real good of a veranda for lack of shades and matting.—Perhaps you too are one of the loosers, and have not learned what a delightful place the veranda may be turned into with only a modest amount of money.

VUDOR PORCH SHADES.

They are made of thin slats of wood woven in a way to shut out the sun and seclude the porch and at the same time allow a free circulation of the breezes. They may be raised and lowered at will. We believe them to be the most practical and durable article of this sort made.

All sizes—prices complete. $2.00 to $5.00.

GRASS MATTING.

2 yards wide, per yard $1.00. 1 yard-wide at 50c

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

COFFEE FROM

15c TO 35c PER LB.

Our Canned Goods are all O. K. in price and quality. Try them.

Corn	10c and 12c
Peas	11c " 13c
Tomatoes	10c " 12c

Other goods equally as low in price.

Potatoes now selling at 90c bushel.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.

" " F, " " " " " " " "

One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00

One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger, Car in good running order..... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Evolution

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Patricia turned from the window with a little shiver. The leaden sky had just released a hurricane of white feathers, and the rollicking flames in the great brass andironed fireplace magnetized her into the depths of a huge armchair, where she could think comfortably.

At last she drew in her breath with a deep sigh. She had reached a decision. Her face was very pale from the past hour's conflict of emotions, and her lips drew a determined red line above her dimpled chin.

She glanced at the clock—4! She had promised him her answer by 5, and it was still to be written and dispatched. She dashed a refractory tear from her eye and resolutely crossed the room to a writing table. The transient tenderness died from her face as she seized a pen from the rack and hastily dashed down the superscription.

The Elms, March 3.

My Dear Frierson—Certainly not. I can never be your wife after last night's revelation. Fortunately for me, I've quite outgrown my taste for fairy tales, and nothing you might say could alter my determination in view of the evidence of my own eyes. Very sincerely yours,

PATRICIA THURSTON.

As she reread the words some of the savage indignation that had come into Patricia's face while she was writing them died out. She pondered a moment, then tore the sheet in two and tossed it into the wastebasket. The clock struck the half hour after 4. She took up the pen again and wrote painstakingly:

The Elms, Thursday.

Dear Mr. Frierson—After considering the matter thoroughly I have come to the decision that I cannot marry you. There are so many things that make for a happy union, and, lacking in many of the requisites, I feel it would be an unwise step. For instance, two people just entering upon matrimony should in all cases begin by being able to trust each other implicitly.

I shall return all your letters by express. Please do likewise. Yours sincerely,

PATRICIA T.

She signed her name with a hysterical flourish and ran her eyes quickly through the curt sentences. Unconsciously her red lip curved upward.

"Too sentimental," she sniffed and crumpled the paper in her hand. The clock ticked with warning insistence. Without hesitating she drew up a fresh sheet and began:

Thursday Evening.

Dear William—Of course after practicing a willful deception upon me it is out of the question for me to entertain longer your offer of marriage. We should never be happy with the knowledge of it between us even if I could go to the length of overlooking it, which I cannot. After all, it would have been simple for you to have told me that you had a pretty young aunt who was coming to spend the week. Fancy the shock I experienced upon seeing you kiss a girl—stranger—at the Clancys' last night! And so farewell.

PATRICIA.

She stared at the composition a second, the words running together in an aggravating fashion. At last her gaze

"DEAREST BILLY," SHE WROTE, "COME."

cleared. But how ridiculous! The next thing he'd be thinking she was—jealous! She must be more dignified, more impersonal. Once more she wrote:

My Dear Billy—No, do not get the ring. We have made a mistake. Let us still be friends. Cordially,

PATTY.

P. S.—By the way, I never knew before that your grandmother had been twice married. Strange you didn't mention it all these years. There's quite a difference in your mother's and Miss Heaslip's age, isn't there?

P.

The clock announced 5. Patricia glanced around, startled, to assure herself with her eyes that her ears had heard aright. In the tall mirror opposite that stretched from floor to ceiling she got a transitory glimpse of her face. It was pathetically altered. Her eyes, purple ringed with misery, stared mockingly back at her. The self contempt that swept over her hardened them instantly. Anything written under the influence of such an expression could not be other than absurd. With a petulant hand she swept the still unblotted lines aside and scratched inconically:

Billy—All is over between us. My answer is "No." Come for your letters and don't fail to bring mine.

P. T.

She folded the note with cold, dispassionate fingers. A pang went through her. She caught in her breath with a dry, audible sound. "Unexpected telegram indeed!" she mused angrily. "I don't believe a word of it."

The striking of the half hour nerved her to seal the letter quickly and address it to "1018 West Twenty-ninth Street, Mr. William K. Frierson, City."

She stamped it with deadly deliberation and pressed the bell. While waiting for the messenger she sat staring absently at the name she had written—his name; written it for the one hundred and seventeenth—and the last time. She continued to stare at the stereotyped address through a blurred vision. After all, perhaps she had not expressed herself just right; at least, she might have been more courteous, as this was the end. There were still thirty minutes of grace. The chauffeur, running at speed limit, could make the distance in twenty!

She rose and threw the letter into the fire; then with a funny little gleam in her eyes watched it curl and blacken and sift to nothingness. She turned toward the writing table again, her thoughts stamping themselves rapidly and clearly. It was positively her last chance to be diplomatic, firm—final. Crimson flags were waving in her cheeks; twin sparks had kindled blue flames in her eyes; her breath came and went in little jerks. But her hands were steady as a die. She wrote:

Dearest Billy—Come.

PAT.

A Real Nice Husband.

During the reign of Queen Anne there lived in Jermyn street, London, a Mr. and Mrs. Howe, who were a well to do and apparently a very happy couple. After eight years of married life Mr. Howe suddenly disappeared, and nothing was heard of him for seventeen years, during which period his two children had died and Mrs. Howe had left her Jermyn street residence for a small house off Golden square. The extraordinary part of this real life romance is that Mr. Howe had never gone away from London at all and lived at Westminster under another name. Disguised, he attended St. James', Piccadilly, every Sunday and saw his wife there. Mr. Howe also frequented a coffee house which almost faced Mrs. Howe's house, and thus he could watch her movements. When seventeen years had elapsed Mrs. Howe received an anonymous letter in which the writer desired her to meet him in Birdcage walk the next day, as he had something important to tell her. Mrs. Howe went as requested and there met her long lost husband. Mr. Howe never explained the motives which had prompted his disappearance, and Mrs. Howe wisely did not press the subject. The reunited couple lived for many years after their separation happily, which is only one of the many cases in everyday life where truth is stranger than fiction.

A Surprised Scotchman.

In the year 1739 the Russians and Turks, weary of war, commissioned two plenipotentiaries on the Russian side Marshal General Keith, on the side of the Turks the grand vizier at the sultan to make peace. The two diplomatists met and carried on protracted negotiations through interpreters.

When all was satisfactorily settled the plenipotentiaries rose to take formal leave of each other, the marshal making his bow with his hat in his hand and the grand vizier his salaam with his turban on his head.

These ceremonies of leavetaking over, the grand vizier suddenly straightened himself and, to the marshal's utter astonishment, marched up to him, gripped him affectionately by the hand and in the very broadest Scotch cried: "Diana be surprised, man, I'm frae the same country as yoursel'. Weel I mind seeing you and your brither when boys passing by the school at Kirkcaldy."

"Why, who—who are you?" gasped the marshal, staggering back in his bewilderment.

"I am the grand vizier to the sultan of Turkey, but my father was bellman o' Kirkcaldy!"

Lovable Liszt.

It has been said that Liszt was the most loved man in history. This statement may appear sweeping and rash, but there was such an indescribable personal charm about him that all with whom he came in contact felt the force of his attractiveness. Not only was he loved by personal acquaintances, but also by those who merely heard him play in the concert hall. There was a mysterious charm about his playing that turned artistic admiration into personal affection. When Liszt played, all who heard him deluded themselves into the belief that he played for them in particular; that he shared their philosophy—aye, their joys and sorrows. He was tall, of commanding appearance, learned, strong and fearless, yet simple, as most great men are. A large, warm heart, which embraced the whole world, presided over these virtues—a heart ever ready to rejoice and suffer with others. His generous zeal in behalf of his contemporaries—Wagner, Chopin, Schumann and Berlioz—proves clearly the unparalleled love power of his heart, which continually showed itself in a thousand different ways, conquering the sternest and coldest of natures.

The Sponge Animal.

If the sponge as brought up fresh from the sea bottom were a familiar object few would be in doubt as to its being an animal. When fresh it is a fleshy looking substance covered with a firm skin, and if cut it presents somewhat the appearance of raw meat. Its cavities are filled with a gelatinous substance called "milk." American sponges and those of all other parts of the world are inferior to the sponges of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The finest of all sponges is the Turkey toilet sponge, which is cup shaped. The American sponge most nearly approaching it in quality is the West Indian glove sponge.

Rees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Romance of Buried Pictures.

A romantic story of a picture purchased at a London auction which on expert examination proved to be painted over a Rembrandt worth £8,000 is curiously reminiscent of the discovery of a Correggio under similar circumstances. A good many years ago two picture restorers, Lovera and Hunterspergh, bought at an art sale in Rome a number of old pictures in order to provide themselves with canvases for repainting. In the division of the spoils Hunterspergh received an indifferent picture of flowers, on which he painted a study of a head. This picture he offered to Lovera, who on close examination found that the new ground scaled off and that underneath were traces of a figure painted in a style that denoted the hand of a master. Repairing the scales and concealing his discovery, he purchased the picture for little more than the value of the canvas. Removing the two grounds, he disclosed an exceedingly clever painting by Correggio, which he sold to the Earl of Bristol for £1,500.—Dundee Advertiser.

Dogs of Luxury.

The appearance of little dogs as objects of luxury goes back to the most ancient times. Documents are not wanting that go to show that Greek and Roman women had little dogs which were idolized by their mistresses. Even men, particularly among foreigners, were not ashamed to walk the streets of Rome with pet dogs under their arms. Speaking of this subject, Plutarch relates that Julius Caesar, seeing one day in Rome some strangers thus loaded with their dogs, asked them ironically whether the women of their country did not bear children. Tertia, the daughter of Lucius Aurelius Paulus, was so fond of her dog that in the moment of bidding farewell to her father, who was about to leave his country and his family to wage war against Perseus, king of Macedon, she frankly admitted that the sadness imprinted on her face was due to the death of her pet dog Persa. In Europe the greyhounds were the first favorites of women during the middle ages.—Boston Post.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

George Marshall, a philanthropist who always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests some ragged street urchins. One morning he passed the bits of meat left from the evening before and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

"Johnnie, will you have some hash?" he asked one lad.

"Bet your life," replied the lad, who was constitutionally hungry.

"Here, pass your plate for some hash," to another freckled nosed lad.

"Not if I knows it," was the unexpected reply.

"I thought you liked hash from the way you ate it this morning," replied Mr. Marshall.

"I did like it for breakfast," said the lad, "but none of yer revlow of re views for me for dinner."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Sided With Father.

"There is a little chap in our town," said the suburbanite, "whose father and mother have words quite frequently, and have them loud enough to be heard by the neighbors. The burden of their recriminations when audible is, on the wife's part, that she ever lowered the Hicks family sufficiently to marry a Stubbs, and on his part that he ever honored the Hicks family by allying it with the house of Stubbs.

"One day last summer the young son of the house went fishing. He had barely got his line into the brook when he heard his mother calling him.

"There it is,' said he disgustedly; 'the minute the Stubbses begin to fish the Hickses begin to holler.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Lesson in Thrift.

A lesson in thrift is found in the advice given by Congressman John E. Andrus to a young man for whom he had secured a junior appointment in the capitol at Washington. Meeting the young fellow in the capitol, he placed a hand on his shoulder and remarked:

"William, you are just beginning your life. Let me give you a bit of sound advice: When you leave your boarding house in the morning never take more than 30 cents in your pockets, enough perhaps for your luncheon and for car fare. You will then not be tempted to spend more than you can afford."—Yonkers Statesman.

Unchanging Man.

Mortal man offers but little difference in spite of the diversity of race and climate, and in analyzing the Egyptian we almost find ourselves reproduced. Intellectual man also manifests a singular identity of aspiration and belief from the Nile to the Ganges and from the Eurotas to the Arno.—Mercure de France.

Some Grains of Luck.

"Is your husband having any luck at the race track?"

"Some luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He hasn't caught cold nor had his pockets picked."—Washington Star.

A True Patriot.

"Johnny, what's a patriot?"

"A boy who'd rudder miss seein' de game dan go in on a ball knocked over de fence by de visitin' team."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Entirely One.

"And so they were made one."

"Oh, I don't know. I believe she still has a mind of her own."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune One year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant. New York Counts, Clams, Cigars THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

Emperor William has conferred the Order of the Crown of Prussia upon William Charles Reick of the New York Times.

Baron Albert A. Schilppenbach, for thirteen years Russian consul general in Chicago, has been appointed consul general in New York city.

Louis Klein, formerly contracting freight agent for the Illinois Central, has been appointed commercial agent in Philadelphia for the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain system.

Admiral Richard Moorman, the "father of the fleet," recently celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday. He joined the British navy in 1823, eighty-five years ago, and retired in 1866.

Thomas Kalenda, a bootblack in an Alton (Ill.) barber shop, has been appointed critic of the Greek classes at Shurtleff college. The boy is eighteen and a graduate of the Athens Greek high school and is a student of ancient and modern Greek.

President Roosevelt in a formal letter has notified Secretary Straus of the department of commerce and labor that he has reappointed him for another term of six years as one of the American members of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague.

William R. Smith, superintendent of the national botanical garden, Washington, is credited with owning the richest and rarest collection of Burnsiana in the world. He was born in Scotland, and the first book he ever purchased was a copy of Burns' poems.

General Porfirio Diaz has been president of Mexico for twenty-seven years. There was an interruption between the years 1880 and 1884, but after the latter year the repeated reelection of the chief executive ceased to be repugnant to the Mexican constitution. At the end of his present term General Diaz means to retire, as he will then be eighty years old.

Editorial Flings.

We favor the popular election of weather men.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Mount Etna is in eruption again. The gamblers will be glad to hear of one place where the lid is not on tight.—Chicago Post.

The automobile that stills is always running at a moderate speed, and its driver is always surprised.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When a fortune-hunting "aristocrat" travels under a bogus name it is incognito. When any other questionable character travels that way it is an alias.—Washington Star.

Parisian scientists are discussing the question whether there is life without mind. If there isn't, thousands of funerals are being inexplicably delayed.—Providence Tribune.

English Etchings.

London has 31 daily papers and 375 other periodical publications.

A mammoth dredger is being built for the port of Liverpool. It is 478 feet long and will lift 10,000 tons of sand in fifty minutes.

London's greatest rush hours are from 8 to 9 in the morning and at about 6:30 in the evening. Between 8 and 9 101,000 persons enter the city; between 6 and 7 175,000 leave.

The famous ruins of Tintern abbey, Monmouthshire, are being restored as far as the four great arches are concerned, and more excavations are being made around it in hope of finding other buildings.

New York City.

Receipts of the Manhattan postoffice are now amounting to $54,370 each day that it is open.

During the last six months there have been farmed in New York city 10,385,000 tons of coal.

New York city may not be a Venice, but it has more water than Venice and more rowing clubs than any other city in the world.

New York city gets a portion of its milk supply from as far as 400 miles distant, and the product of 86,000 farms is drawn on to meet its daily wants.—New York Herald.

Pith and Point.

Only a few have the courage to publicly disagree with a majority.

A good many things that ought to happen are mighty slow about it.

When a man gets out his pocketbook, how his children gather round him!

To be always praising a man has the effect of having those who would be his friends be his critics instead.

Every man's comfort for doing poorly is in exaggerating the obstacles that prevented him from doing well.—Atchison Globe.

The Bore.

The worst attribute of the bore is that he loves you. That adds remorse to pain.

The true bore is seldom stupid and often very clever, but a diet of pearls is extremely boring to the swine.

Bores are dreadfully intolerant of each other. Never ask two to meet, or you will have both on your hands.

Clever men forget that stupid ones can be bored. None is so merciless as the clever bore.—"Comments of Bagshot."

SHORT STORIES.

Next to attar of roses the most valuable perfume is oil of jasmine, which is quoted at $580 per pound.

The oldest house in the United States, the one at St. Augustine, Fla., built in 1565, has been turned into a garage for automobiles.

According to the figures of the last census, there were in the United States 30,059,242 males and 37,244,145 females, the males outnumbering the females by 1,815,097.

A mill in Foster, R. I., owned and operated since 1801 by William and George Spears, still retains the vertical saw which was in universal use before the circular saw was invented.

A cow swam thirty miles in the Mississippi river recently, following the steamer Spread Eagle, which carried the animal's calf. After the long swim the cow was rescued by fishermen.

Half the six masters in the world were at anchor in Portland (Me.) harbor recently. There are but eight of these vessels afloat, and Bath has furnished more of them than any other shipbuilding locality in the world.

Church Work.

In fourteen years the Christian Scientists of St. Louis have grown from 50 to 10,000.

In the general synod of the Lutheran church 124 congregations have increased the salaries of their pastors in the past year.

Modeled after the great Taj Mahal temple at Benares, a Hindoo church has been built and consecrated at San Francisco.

The Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society of Rhode Island has undertaken special work in Alaska, particularly the support of an orphanage.

In a gale of wind and at a height of 250 feet the archbishop of Canterbury and his wife recently performed a remarkable ceremony. On the top of the Bell Harry tower of Canterbury cathedral the primate laid the final stone of the pinnacle, and Mrs. Davidson fixed the vane.

Base Hits.

Hostetter of the St. Louis Nationals can pitch, catch and play any position in the infield and outfield and do all well.

Manager Chance says the Pittsburg team always plays better against the Cubs than against any other club in the league.

Tim Murnane and Jake Morse, two Boston veteran baseball writers, think that the New York Americans will surely win the American league pennant.

Heyninger, the Princeton pitcher, is said to have made up his mind to accept a big league engagement this year. Pittsburg will most likely land him.

Dan Brouthers, who knows something of the game, says that, next to Kling and Bresnahan, Ted Jones of Yale is the greatest catcher in the world.

Home Notes.

Never let a child or infant sleep in the room with a sick person.

If there is but one electric light in the room, place a mirror near it and get the double benefit of light.

Don't dampen silk unless you want it to look stiff. Place over it a smooth piece of thin muslin, then iron.

If many of the books look shabby in the bookcase, cover them with tan mottled paper. They can be marked on the back with india ink.

A thin coating made of three parts lard melted with one part resin and applied to stoves and grates will prevent their rusting when not in use.

Don't allow the oil to stand in the lamp very long. If it is not burned it should be thrown away. It gathers impurities and increases the risk of an explosion. For the same reason always keep the oil can well corked.

German Gleanings.

There is more gas used in lighting the Essen shops than is used by the entire city of Bremen.

The third official exposition of the shoe and leather industries in Berlin was visited by 45,000 persons in five days.

In the kingdom of Prussia servant girls are much sought after as wives. Of the 309,922 spinsters who found husbands in Prussia during the previous year no fewer than 68,468, or 22 per cent, were domestic servants.

Emperor William was the instigator of a law enacted four years ago, compelling manufacturers of patent medicines to show on the outside of the package what ingredients the medicine contained. By a new statute for which he is responsible it is now illegal to publicly advertise any patent medicine.

Plays and Players.

Louis Mann is to have a play called "The New Generation."

Ezra Kendall is doing well in George Ade's play "The Land of Dollars."

Lillian Blauvelt has recently concluded a most successful concert engagement.

Fiske O'Hara, the young Irish star, has married Marie Quinn, a member of his company.

John Mason continues his success in Augustus Thomas' striking play "The Witching Hour," of which telepathy is the theme.

It is said that Bruce McRae, who has been leading man with Mrs. Fiske, will take the leading role of "The Thief" until Kyrle Bellew returns from Europe.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer $1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Gyllatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Ronney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Watts, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Shorburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—E. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. R. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Reifield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Hahn.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 229, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p.m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. E. A. BARTLETT, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. HUNTLEY, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE ENGLESPARTH, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 198 O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MONTGOMERY, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday 1st, 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE NEW YORK WORLD THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Photo Fancies For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer Smethport, Pa.

The Real Prince

...By...

MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

How Katherine Searle came to be Jack Carrington's ward belongs to the early chapters of a long story. It dates back, in fact, fifteen years, when Katherine was a three-year-old baby and Carrington a young man of twenty.

But at the beginning of the present chapter, after having been "finished off" at a very proper boarding school, Katherine had just returned from a winter in Europe with Carrington's married sister.

And Carrington as he sat in the twilight on the luxuriously appointed porch of his out of town house was expectantly awaiting a promised after dinner talk with her.

In accordance with a long and carefully formulated plan he felt that the time had now come for him to take Katherine seriously in hand and to prepare her for the prominent part she was sure to play in a world of admiring but, alas, inconstant men.

Katherine, radiant in a fluffy glory of some soft, delicate stuff beyond man's comprehension, at length tripped out through the casement door and perched herself affectionately on the arm of her guardian's easy chair. He took her little white hand in his and patted it gently as he would a child's.

"I suppose you haven't begun to think about marriage yet, little girl?" he asked by way of tactful beginning.

"Begun to think about it?" echoed Katherine. "Why, I've always thought about it—always and always."

Carrington looked up in amazement.

"H'm," he mused. "I haven't begun a moment too soon, it seems." Then aloud he added: "So you've always thought about marriage, my dear? Well, well! And what have you thought about it?"

Katherine threw her arms about his neck and gave him an energetic hug. Then she placed a cushion at his feet and settled herself comfortably.

"I'll tell you," she began confidentially. "I've always adored fairy stories, and of course there's a glorious young prince in every fairy story, you know. Well, it was always fun when I was a little girl to imagine myself the beautiful princess whom the prince was looking for—and now I'm grown up, guardy, dear, it's just as much fun," she finished naively.

Carrington laughed heartily. He was greatly relieved.

"Imaginary princes are all very harmless and proper, little Kit," he commented indulgently, "but pretty soon you'll begin to think about real everyday men."

"Pretty soon?" she queried tentatively. "Dear, me!" exclaimed Carrington, with an unconcern he was far from feeling. "You've not thought about real men already?"

"You'd call Harvey Dunton a real man, wouldn't you?" Katherine asked, looking at him roguishly.

Carrington's jesting mood passed in a flash. He shut his teeth with sudden vexation.

"Where did you meet Harvey Dunton?" he inquired searchingly.

"On the steamer coming back," answered Katherine. "Your sister introduced him. He's really very devoted to me. He's coming around later this evening. He sings, you know, and I've promised to play his accompaniments. Don't you like him, guardy? You don't look as though you do."

"Oh, Dunton's all right," he answered good naturedly, suddenly alive to the fact that he must play his hand cautiously. "You evidently like him, little girl?" he queried.

"I don't know really, guardy. But he likes me. That's as far as we've got," was Katherine's ingenuous reply. "I'm not taking him very seriously because, you see, somehow he isn't exactly like the prince I've been expecting."

"I should hope not," muttered Carrington.

"What did you say?"

"I said he's coming across the lawn now," evaded Carrington. "I'll stay out here and listen to the music if you don't mind, Kit."

"Just as you like, guardy, dear," laughed Kitty. "I'll come out again after he's gone and tell you how we got on."

"Well?" asked Carrington an hour or so later as Katherine appeared suddenly in the doorway.

She did not answer, but stood as if spellbound. This was a bad sign—a very bad sign, as Carrington interpreted it.

"Well?" he ventured again, this time a trifle peremptorily.

"Guardy," exclaimed Katherine, her rapt expression breaking into the merriest of smiles, "I'd forgotten you were out here."

"That's the way it seemed to me," returned Carrington dryly. "Dunton has a very alluring voice, hasn't he? Come over here, you mischievous kitten, and confess, as you promised."

Katherine came slowly.

"I'll—tell you, guardy," she began hesitatingly, perching herself, as usual, on the arm of his chair—"that is, if I can. I hardly know myself how I feel. You see, when Mr. Dunton isn't singing I don't like him any better than I do lots of other men, not nearly as well as some, but"—

"Lots of other men, did I understand you to say?" interrupted Carrington.

"Oh, well, three or four, guardy! What do a half dozen, more or less, matter?"

"There's safety in numbers, to be sure," replied Carrington irritably.

"But let's get back to Dunton. You die like a boy of sixteen and dashed down the steep trail.

Helen sank limply on the lower step of the porch. Mason to do this thing for her father—Mason, whom she had taunted and treated with scant courtesy!

Her father's words, "He asked me not to tell you," spoke eloquently of wounded pride caused by her mocking words which had sent him away, with the command to remain away for the last three months.

And now—oh, she could not bear it. She gathered up her riding habit and ran swiftly down the trail.

When she reached the mine the entire population of the camp had gathered in excited groups near the hoist. Sinclair, ready to make the first trip down, would permit no one to go with him. Slowly the engineer lowered the old man down the shaft.

The time seemed an eternity, particularly to the tall, slim girl who stood motionless and white apart from the crowd, her eyes strained to catch the slightest vibration of the signal wire. At last came two short jerks—the signal to hoist quickly. A great sob came from the entire crowd.

"It's no use, my friends," Sinclair said, with his eyes on Helen. "The cave began in the 800 foot level and has buried everything as far as the crosscut."

"But the manhole, dad!" came through Helen's white lips.

"There is only one chance in a million that Mason was at that end of the crosscut. But if he was he would by this time have made his way through the north drift to the foot of the manhole, and then think of the climb—hundreds of feet!"

Sinclair led the way, and the anxious crowd moved on to the north end of the claim, where now existed the only egress from the lower level.

Dozens of men were ready to make the descent down the small round well, with its hundreds of feet of ladder, but Sinclair selected one of the younger, stronger men, and just as he stepped over the edge a cry—a cry—was heard. He drew back, and the crowd listened.

The sound came nearer, eager eyes peered into the dark below, and in a few moments eager hands stretched down to lift an exhausted, half fainting man to the surface. His forehead was cut, and the blood made his white face ghastly. His left arm hung limp and broken.

Helen, with a cry, pushed through the crowd to his side and oblivious of any one in the world but him while bored a word in his grimy ear.

His pale face brightened. His eyes shone as he took her hand, and turning to Sinclair, he said: "You were right, old man. The gold is there. But I think," with a glance toward Helen, "that I as well as you have found a fortune through the lucky level."

Supposing the Ax Had Fallen!

Some years ago an inquisitive medical student, while examining a guillotine in a big wax works exhibition in London, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp ax suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed or it would fall, as it should, with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain.

"I'm thinking," said the gentleman, a Scottish visitor to the metropolis, to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the ax before releasing him from his predicament. The ax was afterward removed and laid by the side of the structure to prevent future accidents.

The White Flower.

There is a lady living on a main street in a certain great city who had a window full of flowers, all in bloom. One day she answered a ring at the doorbell, to find a little girl perhaps nine years old shivering on the doorstep.

"Please, ma'am," said the waif, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?" The request was such an unusual one that the lady hesitated in surprise.

"Just one little flower," pleaded the child, looking as if she were about to cry.

"Why, of course," said the lady, "you shall have a flower. Come in. You shall have a pretty red rose."

She stepped to the window where the flowers grew, but before she had cut one a light touch fell on her arm.

"Not that one, please—not a red one; that white one." And the little girl pointed to a candidum unfolding its lily petals.

"I cannot cut that one, child," said the lady gently. "Why must you have a white one? Why won't any flower do?"

"Oh, because—because it's for poor mamma. Mamma is dead, and I ran away to get some flowers." The next moment she was sobbing on the bosom of a new friend, and when she went away she carried the precious lily and other flowers to the home where death had been.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE HINDOO FAKIR.

His Patience and Skill in the Bag and Spear Trick.

The feat known as the bag and spear trick has been considered one of the greatest of the Hindoo magician's art. In this trick, says a writer, the Hindoo fakir has his assistant get into a sack the mouth of which he firmly secures, and then unceremoniously hurls his helpless victim to the ground. Without a sign of warning the fakir drives his spear through the center of the bag.

After withdrawing his weapon, upon the point of which no blood-stain appears, the fakir stands and gazes dreamily over the heads of the spectators. The body within the bag flounders about as if in mortal agony. At last, when the occupant is apparently dead, the fakir again plunges his spear into the motionless body. The same antics are repeated. Then the fakir releases his attendant from the bag, and he steps out without a scratch upon his body.

Although the trick is performed with all the carelessness imaginable, it calls for more patience, skill and exactness than any of the so-called black art achievements. From the time the attendant enters the bag both fakir and assistant count every breath they take. When a stated number of breaths have been taken the fakir makes his thrust, and the occupant in the bag is prepared to avoid it. Then the count begins again, and at the proper time the spear is driven through the bag a second time. In order to evade the spear and make it appear to pass through his body the assistant doubles up in as small a form as possible. His legs are drawn up close, with the chin resting upon the knees and the arms folded round the lower limbs across the shins. When in this position, at the fiftieth breath, the spear passes under the attendant's arms between the abdomen and the thighs.

The slightest miscalculation by either the fakir or his assistant would mean a serious if not a mortal wound for one and an unheard of disgrace for the other.

That fakir and attendant are able so to train themselves to breathe in perfect unison while giving one of these performances, when the slightest variation in time by either would be fatal, is certainly wonderful.

SOUVENIR FANATICS.

Nothing Is Safe From Those Afflicted With the Craze.

In these enlightened days, anything from the limb of a tree to a table napkin is liable to be carried away as a souvenir.

A western girl with a well defined case of the souvenir habit, sojourning in New York, was dining at a fashionable cafe and, being prepossessed in favor of the cunning pewter cream pots with which the tables were supplied, calmly carried one away in her muff. Can you imagine her self satisfaction when upon examining her prize later on she discovered carved across the bottom, "Stolen from ——'s?"

A Pittsburg bachelor, wandering into a restaurant, came upon a friend just seating himself with two ladies. The bachelor was invited to join the party, did so, and at the end of the luncheon insisted upon paying the costs. The bill being wrong, he went to the cashier's desk to personally adjust the discrepancy, where he was informed that the extra charges were for spoons which the ladies had put in their hand bags. And that was the first time he had ever met them!

Upon the occasion of the presentation of a handsome silver service by one of the United States to a battleship which was being christened in her honor an elaborate banquet was served aboard ship, at which the service was used. Society came en masse from the town near which they were anchored, and after the function was over there were not enough forks and spoons with which to lay the tables. And yet these souvenir fanatics would draw their moral skirts aside for fear of contamination with a real thief.—Bertha Reynolds MacDonald in Bohemian Magazine.

He Didn't Care.

A Georgia man tells of the meeting of a negro "literary society" in that state. During the consideration of the business part of the club's programme some one had proposed that the regular time of meeting be changed from Tuesday to Friday, and this proposition provoked much disputation. Finally, the president of the society being appealed to for his opinion, that official declared with much gravity:

"Membuhs of de s'ciety, pussonally, now, pussonally, I don' care which night de s'ciety meets, but fo' myse'f I prefers Tuesday."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Fish Food and National Greatness.

There is not the smallest reason to suppose that a meat eating nation would be superior either in intellect or physique to a fish eating one. We as a race were never stronger than when we fed on fish to such an extent that the careful guardian of the newly entered apprentice commonly inserted a clause in his indentures stipulating that he was not to be required to eat salmon more than three days a week.—London Globe.

Beating a Retreat.

"What is necessary when you wish to beat a retreat?" asked an old military man at Fort Washington.

"I suppose you'd have to retreat faster than the other fellows," was the reply that came after some deliberation.—Philadelphia Press.

Evils that are passed should not be mourned.—Italian Proverb.

Pineules for the kidneys, 30 days' trial $1.00. Guaranteed. Act directly on the kidneys and bring relief in the first dose for backache, rheumatic pains, kidney and bladder trouble. Invigorate the entire system. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

In Her Moment of Weakness.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

She had always been distressingly capable and competent.

"I don't believe Beatrice ever had a headache or a nervous spell like you girls have," Henry Dalton had remarked one day to his two sisters, absorbed by bonbons and new novels and wrapped in indifference and silk negligees.

And the tone in which he spoke was not entirely complimentary. In fact, a distinct note of personal injury rang through it, for how can a man assume an attitude of protective chivalry toward a girl entirely capable of doing for herself?

Beatrice never dropped her fan or her handkerchief, nor came into the drawing room with her glove unbuttoned, nor gave opportunity for the little services which other women seemed to have demanded of Henry Dalton since he had risen to the dignity of knickerbockers.

Yet withal Beatrice Craig was nothing if not feminine. She wore the softest and most clinging of fabrics. She played golf, but did not court bare arms and tan. She wore tailored suits, but she softened them with delicious frou-frou bows of lace at her throat. She was ruffly and fluffy, but she never tore her ruffles and then asked for a pin to make repairs.

And if all these things she was—before her father's failure and death she was doubly inaccessible and impregnable after reverses overtook her. Before that she had simply fenced with Dalton. Now she donned an armor that seemed well nigh invulnerable.

Directly the estate was settled up and the smallness of their inheritance was made known to her Beatrice Craig had turned bread winner, investing the pitiful little heritage in a smart shop where layettes of the most superlative daininess and beauty were sold.

In the front room, with its exquisite fittings and scented presses, she exhibited wares selected to suit the matrons among whom she had grown from girlhood to womanhood. In the rear room she gathered the most expert needlewomen her purse could command, and all work was done under her direct supervision.

Her delighted clientele said that her success was founded on this personal oversight. Her doctor said that nervous prostration would inevitably result from her persistent close confinement to business. Her mother wept in sheer loneliness at first and later drifted from their fine apartment back into the old bridge playing, novel reading circle of gray haired friends. And what Henry Dalton said is not for repetition here, for having no nieces or nephews, how could he offer a decent excuse for haunting a layette shop? And only at her shop was Beatrice to be found—save the cruelly few hours when outraged nature demanded rest and refreshment.

And now today, with Henry Dalton thrust into the dim background of the life when her mother made all things lovely for her well shod feet to walk upon, she was standing before her cheval mirror preparing for a return—just a brief return glimpse—to the old life.

Her mother had wept to some purpose. The doctor had said certain sharp things that were more effective than maternal tears, and so Beatrice had accepted the De Haven Smiths' warm invitation to spend the week end and perhaps a few days more at their lodge in the Catskills.

Beatrice surveyed with critical eye her smartly tailored traveling suit and then cast a smiling glance at the suit case where rested a delightful matinee, product of her own workroom. It would be good to lie abed mornings and drink her chocolate in a love of a matinee like that. And she should read a couple of new books and wear the white crepe de chine, newly made over for the trip, to dinner. Old times—yes, she was strong enough now to stand an occasional dip back into old times.

"Beatrice, here's a C. O. D. parcel from Mason's. I picked up a love of a waist for $13.75. Have you any money?"

Beatrice readjusted her veil to a more fetching angle and murmured as well as the pins in her mouth would permit:

"Yes, mother, there's a roll of bills in my bag, the large pocket. Take what you think will last you until I come back."

An hour later Beatrice leaned back luxuriously in the parlor car, her unseeing eyes fixed on the Hudson panorama. It was good—just to do nothing. And when the call for luncheon came she felt hungry—and smiled. The doctor had said a change was all she needed, and here she was hungry already for the first time in weeks.

The obsequious darky in charge of her table gave her the perfection of service, with one eye perhaps on the beautiful pigskin hand bag that rested against the window. That bag had been one of Dalton's gifts, and at that very moment the giver himself was sitting at a table behind Beatrice, watching her every move with hungry eyes. He knew that she was going to the De Haven Smith lodge. Mrs. Smith had boldly held this out as a bait in his invitation, but somehow he felt that the psychological moment for making his presence known had not yet arrived. He noted sometimes a new droop in her shoulders. Occasionally too, she leaned her head on her hand between courses. This was the reaction which the doctor had predicted, but Henry Dalton did not know this. He thought only that she was slowly but surely killing herself by reason of her pride, and he must stand idly, dumbly by simply because he was so disgustingly rich that she would not listen.

And upon these bitter thoughts rushed the psychological moment.

Miss Beatrice Craig, the independent and competent, opened her hand bag, the darky keenly observant, and slipped her hand into the large pocket. Her finger tips touched naught but polished leather. She tried the small pocket and drew forth some cards. She sat up very straight and dipped into her change purse to find a dime, a quarter and an old German coin, souvenir of Henry Dalton's student days in Berlin.

Her face turned scarlet, then white. A horrible nervous tremor swept over her. Frantically she turned everything out of the bag to find almost anything a businesslike yet distinctly feminine person might own except money.

Like a flash she remembered her mother's request. She had kept it all, every penny of the daily folded bills.

"Take what you think will last you until I come back."

Fateful words!

Beatrice sent for the dining car conductor and explained the situation. He was polite, but behind the mask of courtesy she read amusement, or was it distrust?

She became haughty.

"My host will meet me at the depot. Until then—well, here are my rings or my watch"—

The darkies had gathered at the table opposite Henry Dalton with heads together, lips parted in ironical smiles. He summoned his waiter sharply.

"Anything happened to the lady?"

"Seems like she ain't got the price of her lunch."

Just at the instant Henry Dalton rose precipitately, Beatrice came down the aisle, her head high, but her face ghastly. It was not the attitude of the conductor nor the grinning darkies, but a sudden faintness, a realization that for once her business ability, her supreme tact, her resourcefulness, had failed her. She did not read this as physical exhaustion. Her one grim thought was that she had lost her grip on herself.

And then came Henry Dalton with a hand outstretched and the love of her shining in his eyes.

"Beatrice! I am the most fortunate of men."

"Oh, Henry," she said with a queer break in her clear voice, "will you please"—

Henry Dalton carried her back to the state room in the parlor car. Henry Dalton took upon possession of her baggage and took control of the situation. Henry Dalton all but lifted her into the De Haven Smith wagonette when they left the train. And Henry Dalton read the telegram, for which he paid, though it was sent C. O. D. to Beatrice Craig.

"Forgot to put money back in purse. What shall I do with it?"

"Buy flowers for yourself—every body," wired Henry Dalton to the first amazed and then understanding mother of Beatrice. "I am taking care of Beatrice and always shall."

And that was why the smartest layette shop in all New York passed to a new owner and love came into its own.

Ants and the Weather.

"When you go out on a cloudy morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface, you may be sure that no matter how cloudy it is, there will be no rain that day, and the probabilities are for several days of good weather," says a gardener.

"On the other hand, if you see the ants about the middle of a spring or summer afternoon hurrying back to the nest and a sentinel out trotting round in every direction looking up stragglers and urging them to go home as soon as they can get there you may figure on a rain that afternoon or night. When the last of the wanderers is found the picket hurries in, and the nest is securely sealed from the inside to keep out the water. It is very seldom that ants are taken by surprise by the approach of a shower, but once in a while when belated or too far away to get home in time they mount a shrub and ensconce themselves under the thickest, broadest leaf they can find, and there they stay and hold on until the rain is over. When an ants' nest is washed out and the ants drown an examination will always show that the disaster was due not so much to lack of preparation as to accident, a stream from an unexpected direction flowing down between two bricks or a downpour that caused a fall or the washing away of the bank in which the nest was placed."

Dangerous Ground.

"Bless me, Martha!" exclaimed Uncle Cyrus, looking up from his magazine, says the Youth's Companion. "We're getting a navy that don't need to take a back seat for any of them European nations." Aunt Martha continued placidly measuring out the ingredients of "mountain" cake and manifestly was not unduly excited over naval affairs.

"Just listen to this. Some fellow has been making estimates. Any half dozen of our big cruisers have engine strength equal to the pulling power of all the horses in the Russian cavalry. The engines of one of our big battleships are strong enough—if they could be fastened somewhere—to pull the hull United States cavalry into the sea and"—

"Mercy sakes," cried Aunt Martha with arrested spoon, for the first time impressed with these interesting statistics, "I hope to goodness our cavalry'll keep away from the shore!"

TO RESCUE NAPOLEON

A Bold Plan That Was Matured In This Country.

IT WAS A DARING SCHEME.

The Enterprise Was Known to the Exiles of St. Helena, but Just as the Preparations Were About Complete the Fallen Emperor Died.

Even in "the last phase" our country sustained a certain association with the captive of St. Helena, says a writer in the Magazine of History.

The English felt that any danger of rescue would originate upon the western shore of the Atlantic.

Admiral Cockburn occupied the neighboring island of Ascension, avowedly to prevent it falling into the hands of Yankee raiders. The feeling in the United States against England was at that time quite bitter. Napoleon's landing at St. Helena followed the battle of New Orleans only about seven months, and the downfall of the revolutionary monarch aroused deep sympathy throughout the country.

But the actual grounds for believing in the existence of a rescue party and rescue plans in the United States rest upon the movements of General Lallemand and his associates. This officer's military record, from the revolutionary days to Waterloo, had been distinguished by notable feats of daring.

His devotion to the emperor was loyal and persistent; he had followed him until his embarkation from the shores of France and had tried in vain to accompany him to St. Helena. He was condemned to death by the reactionary tribunals of 1816, but had succeeded in escaping and joining his brother at Philadelphia.

At this time our country was literally swarming with French military refugees, many of whom, like Lallemand, were under capital sentence for their conduct toward the Bourbons during the hundred days.

The Lallemands proceeded ostensibly to make a number of these veterans into a military colony, which they called the Vine and Olive.

One account says [illegible] them 100,000 acres on the banks of the Tombigbee, but as their [illegible] required their establishment to be on the sea they sold the lands and with the proceeds settled on the Trinity River in Texas, about fifteen miles from its mouth.

The second in command was Baron Rigaud, whose kindly feelings toward the ancient regime had been illustrated by publicly stamping the cross of St. Louis under his feet. Needless to say, he was also under sentence of death by Louis XVIII.'s court martial.

But the best known of all this devoted band was the famous pirate Lafitte, who had begun life as a Bordeaux blacksmith, had killed his rival in a duel, had become a noted corsair, the terror of the Antillean seas, and [illegible] the effective ally of General Jackson in repulsing the British at New Orleans and at the time of the French settlement of old guardsmen in his vicinity was established at Galveston.

This narrative does not require a detailed statement of the affairs of the 400 grenadiers, of the attacks of the Mexicans on their camp, of their final removal to New Orleans.

All the circumstances indicate that it was not the intention of the Lallemands to found an agricultural colony, but to unite about 1,000 old soldiers for the deliverance of the great prisoner.

The location of their camp was most favorable for the scheme, being near the sea in an unsettled country where their movements would not be watched and, above all, being in proximity to Lafitte, who commanded the required ships. Besides these desirable vessels, one, a model of swiftness, was constructed at Charleston and equipped for its purpose in the most complete manner.

An intrepid captain named Boissiere, who instigated for pleasure, had accepted its command, and this was the ship destined to carry away Napoleon Bonaparte, while Lafitte would land the guardsmen and engage the attention of the English cruisers.

The enterprise was known to the captives, as shown by Bertrand's disclosures. But when the preparations were about complete the news arrived of the emperor's death.

One on Ma.

They talked during dinner of the anarchists.

"But, papa, what is an anarchist?" little Willie asked.

"Well, my son," replied the father, "he's a person who is always blowing somebody up."

The child turned to his mother. "Then are you an anarchist, ma?" he said.—Argonaut.

Thankful.

"I hope your constituents are grateful to you for what you have done for them."

"I hope so," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I must confess I am thankful for the arrangement which makes compensation for my services independent of the gratitude of my constituents."—Washington Star.

A Case For Hurry.

Cleverton (who has hired a taximeter cab to propose in)—Say "yes," darling.

Miss Calumet—Give me time to think.

"Heavens! But not in here! Consider the expense!"—Life.

There is a good deal of cheer on life's journey if it be made with a contented heart.—Vandyck.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the News

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
Mothers endorse it. Children like it. Tastes so good.
E. C. DeWITT & CO. CHICAGO
Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.
Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Seizing the Opportunity.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

The Alders' week end party was in full swing. The girls, in dainty muslins or smartly tailored linen suits were strolling about, with the men in white flannels, making a charming picture on the green lawn and shadowy piazza.

Mrs. Alder was swinging in the hammock, pushing herself back and forth with her daintily shod foot while in a cozy armchair by her side sat Fred Marshall peacefully smoking his pipe.

"It strikes my verdant young brain," he began, "that's it's about time those two people were married, settled down and lived happily afterward."

He pointed to a couple in the swinging seat under the maple tree.

"Married!" echoed Mrs. Alder.

"Married is the exact and I believe correct word," reassured Fred. "You should understand the significance of the word, my dear Dolly. You're married yourself, if I'm not mistaken."

"Why, Billy Richards would never dare to ask a stunning girl like Martha Vandercook to marry him. The idea is preposterous!" said Dolly Alder as she gave herself a vigorous push.

"Want to bet on it?" asked Fred.

"My dear boy, it would be like robbing the blind, Billy Richards is a sort of tame cat to Martha. You can generally find him purring to himself in some corner, and in case she wants him he's very apt to stretch himself and come at her bidding, but marriage—never!"

"I'll grant you there's something of the feline in him," said Fred. "He's

"THAR'S THE STOVE, SIR, AND HERE'S THE PARSON."

slow and sure, but when he sees his opportunity he'll jump at it, all right, and probably land his mouse. I'll tell you what," he continued—"I'll wager you six perfectly good pairs of gloves against a pint of half roasted peanuts that they marry within six months," suggested Fred.

"Well, of course, in these hard times I cannot afford to throw away six pairs of gloves," soliloquized Dolly; "but, frankly, I feel as if I were taking money from a child. However, the bet is on."

Harry Alder came from the house at this moment and went to the rail of the piazza, scanned the various groups of men and girls and at last cried out to Billy and Martha in their cozy corner.

"I say, Billy Richards, it's time you had a bit of exercise, and I wish you would run the launch around to the public dock and get the tank filled with gasoline for our afternoon fishing trip," he cried, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes. "And, by the way, Martha, would you mind going along and seeing that he buys gasoline and not other spirituous liquors around there? Billy's been awfully absent-minded of late."

Billy stretched himself, and then Martha and he went down and loosened the little launch Barbara from her moorings and were soon on their way around the point to the public dock. Martha made a picture at the wheel while Billy busied himself with the little engine.

"Billy Richards," said Martha, meanwhile steering the little launch in and out between the larger boats that lay in the bay, "the longer I know you the more stupid you seem to grow."

"Martha, my dear girl," answered Billy, "men with great minds—great thinkers—are seldom great talkers, and I'd have you to know that because I don't say things is no sign that I do not think them."

Billy's chest seemed to expand with this statement. Martha turned and looked at him incredulously.

"It may be that I have done you an injustice, Billy," she said, "but as I recall the past seven years I look in vain for any great thoughts, deeds or speeches of yours. Surely great men say something—sometimes."

She let go of the steering wheel and turned to see the effect of her stinging sarcasm. It was a bad move, for they had neared the dock, and the Barbara struck hard, throwing Martha down on her knees.

Here was Billy's chance to say something rather pertinent, but he let it pass, with the host of other lost opportunities. Billy was a wiser man than any of them thought.

The boatman made them fast to the float, and Billy helped Martha out as he gave orders to have the tank filled. He then followed Martha up the runway which connected the float with the land. The tide was very low, and the sandy bottom was easily visible through the clear, shallow water.

Martha stared down at some large black object in the sand. Billy stared too.

"Why, it's a stove, Martha!" exclaimed Billy. "Now, if we only had that up here on dry land we could go to housekeeping right away. Eh, girlie, couldn't we?"

Martha clutched the rail.

"Is this a proposal, Billy?" she asked in odd tones.

"I guess it is, dear—at least," said Billy as he put his sunburned hand over hers, "I've been trying to ask you for the past seven years, and now I've done it all of a sudden, with the kitchen furniture thrown in. What's my answer?"

Billy was eagerly waiting for the answer when a tall colored man dressed in black frock coat, white tie and vest and silk hat touched him on the shoulder.

"Thar's the stove, sir, and here's the parson," and with a low, sweeping bow, hat in hand, he bent his old back before them.

The situation was irresistible, and all three, regardless of race, creed or color, joined in a hearty laugh.

"I'm afraid the odds are very much against me," parried Martha. "It would seem that the only way out of it is for me to say 'Yes.' Let's go home and tell Dolly."

As a rule, Billy was not considered a charitable man, but he turned to the old colored preacher who had helped to shape his destiny and handed him a crisp yellow backed bill.

"Treat the congregation to popcorn and lemonade, won't you?" he said as he followed Martha down the runway.

They were soon rounding the point and in great glee they landed at the Alders' float. The house party awaited them on the piazza. Billy helped Martha across the lawn, over many imaginary stones and up the steps. His face had taken on a boyish look, while Martha was more beautiful than ever.

"I wish I had a lemonade," sighed Paul Westover.

"All right," said their host. "What will you have, Fred?"

Fred glanced first at the young couple, who had just stepped on the porch, then slowly turned and looked at his hostess, Dolly Alder.

"I believe I'll take a plut of peanuts, if you don't mind."

An Awful Mishap.

Two passengers on an Atlantic liner, one an American and the other an Englishman, did not exchange the farewell courtesies when the steamer reached her pier usual between voyagers who have occupied adjoining staterooms and hobnobbed during an ocean voyage. A plausible explanation was vouchsafed by the American.

During the voyage the Englishman persisted in fraternizing with the American in a most obtrusive and annoying manner. Within two days of Boston the Englishman one morning hunted up the American and found him in apparent despondency, gazing seaward from the hurricane deck.

"Confounded blue this morning, old chap. What's the matter?" And the Britisher slapped his companion on the back.

"Matter enough," growled the American. "Ship's lost. Captain don't know which way to steer. Forgot to wind the compass last night."

The Englishman listened with mouth agape, then rushed off to tell his friends of the consequential mishap. Evidently the gullible Britisher was "pushed along" for some time until he found everybody guying him.

Osmosis in Medicine.

Osmosis is the passage of a liquid or a gas through a membrane. Sometimes medicines are administered in this way. But how far we are from understanding the details of this subject as related to the human body is indicated by some experiments of Professor Louis Kahlenberg. All attempts to introduce lithium salts into the system by absorption through the skin have failed, and yet the same salts make their way readily through the mucous membrane. When the feet are soaked in a solution of hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, an alkaline reaction quickly takes place internally. But citric acid refuses to act the same way, although both of the acids have a similar effect when taken through the digestive tract. Sulphuric acid, then, has quite a different physiological effect when it enters through the skin instead of through the mouth. Living membranes act differently with regard to osmosis from dead ones, and the same membranes which behave alike with regard to some substances behave very differently from one another with regard to other substances.

A Foe to Malaria.

That most animals have some specific function to perform is well known. Now scientists claim that a species of fish exists in Australian waters which feeds on the larvae of mosquitoes and so reduces the prospects of malaria. It belongs to a family of carnivorous or flesh eating fish which is frequently found in the temperate and tropic zones and usually in shallow water. Very small in size, being only about one and a half to two inches in length, it has, in the male, yellow and black striped fins, while the eye is of a bright blue. The fins during certain seasons of the year acquire great brilliancy.

A Natural Curiosity.

"Do you know what I do when a man offers me advice?" said the curbstone philosopher.

"No."

"Ask him if he's tried it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Suspicious.

The Constable—Yes, your worship, the prisoner is a most suspicious character. The Accused (indignantly)—It's him that's suspeecious. Aw'm no suspeecious o' onybody!—Punch.

The good man prolongs his life. To be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice.—Martial.

MRS. VIXENHEAD.

The Story of a Berlin Shrew and Her Likeness in Stone.

This quaint equivalent of the German term neidkopf is applied by travelers to an effigy carved in stone and fixed in a niche in the second story of a house in the Heiligengeiststrasse in Berlin not far from the emperor's palace. The neidkopf represents a hideous, harpy faced woman with snakelike curls and tongue protruding in mocking derision.

One day some 200 years ago, the legend runs, Frederick William of Prussia, more familiarly known as Old Fritz, was walking about the streets of the city in the unconventional way he affected when he chanced to look through a window and observed a hunchbacked goldsmith hard at work. The king entered the little shop for a chat.

The result of his interview was an order for a gold table service for the royal household, an order that made the fortune of the hunchback. Later his majesty made other visits to the shop to see how the work was advancing, and on one of these occasions he observed a woman in the window of the opposite house contorting her face in the most hideous grimaces and pointing with derisive finger at the crippled workman.

To the king's query as to what ailed the old woman the goldsmith replied: "It is envy, sire. She is the wife of a rival goldsmith, and ever since your majesty so graciously gave me this order she and her daughter have reviled me."

Frederick William, paternal in punishment as well as in reward, at once investigated as to the ownership of the house in which the shrew lived. He found that it belonged to her husband and therefore reasoned that there was little likelihood of the family moving, an idea that seemed greatly to please his majesty. His next move was to consult a sculptor, whom he commanded to make the bust of a woman with the most shrewish, Xantippe-like face he could imagine. The king then bought and renovated the house in which the hunchback had his workshop, presented it to him and caused the bust to be placed conspicuously above the workroom window. Thus whenever the envious woman across the street looked forth from her casement the first object on which her eyes fell was this distended portrait of her amiable self.

For more than a hundred years the neidkopf, spiteful vixen head, as one would say in English stood in proud prominence, a reproach to the envious woman and her descendants. It afterward mysteriously disappeared, but in 1840 or thereabouts it was found in a forgotten cellar by one of Frederick William [illegible] for display in his office, where it stands today.

The Sporty Shad.

The [illegible] does not look much like a shad with its elaborately fringed front, and it is never occupied by the scribes prior to the opening of the proceedings. A young lady seated in the gallery opposite the press gallery had been looking intently at the empty seats for quite awhile. Her curiosity got the better of her, and, going to the doorkeeper, she said, "Mister, will you please tell me when the band begins to play?" The doorkeeper was amazed. "No band will play, miss," said that gentleman. "There is no band. Why do you ask?"

The young lady looked disappointed and embarrassed when she said, with hesitation, "Isn't that the band stand?" pointing to the press gallery.—Washington Herald.

The Popinjay.

The origin of the application of the term "popinjay" to a dude was as follows: The popinjay was a figure of a bird shot at for practice. The jay was decked with particolored feathers so as to resemble a parrot and, being suspended on a pole, served as a target. He whose ball or arrow brought down the bird by cutting the string by which it was hung received the proud title of Captain Popinjay for the rest of the day and was escorted home in triumph.

He Had Not Forgotten.

Artist William M. Chase told a story of the eccentric Jimmy Whistler. It was at a dinner party after all the guests had been seated, when Chase gently drew Whistler's attention to the fact that he had forgotten his tie. "Forgotten?" shrieked Whistler. "Nothing of the kind. Why should I spoil the effect of a good linen collar, with excellent lines, by sticking on a foolish little piece of flimsy lawn?"

And the dinner proceeded.

Unfeeling.

"Bilger eloped with his cook, the unfeeling wretch!"

"Well, I don't know. Why shouldn't he if he wanted to?"

"But his wife was just going to give a dinner party."—Life.

A Pretty Sure Sign.

Mrs. Hoyle—I believe that I am growing old, Mrs. Boyle—What gives you that idea? Mrs. Hoyle—I am getting so that I don't care to go to funerals.—Exchange.

In the philosophy of some men heaven is nothing but a place where everybody will be able to buy cheap and sell high.—Chicago Record-Herald.

One Advantage.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between genius and insanity? Pa—The lunatic, my son, is at least sure of his board and clothes.—Exchange.

And Expensive.

"Surely she must have some favorite flower?"

"No; I don't think so. Anything will please her that is anything that's out of season."—Kansas City Journal.

No two persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are censuring a third.—Jean Paul Richter.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street,

BRADFORD, PA.

BRADFORD, PA

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

WHY IS IT?

That each month in all the best homes in this country, on the library table, and in every club reading room, you find the

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

It is because it keeps you in touch with those great public and human movements on which the American family depends.

It is because its stories are the best published anywhere.

It is because its illustrations in color, and black and white, set the standard.

It is because its articles are the most vital and interesting.

It is because there is something in each copy for every member of every American family.

A YEAR'S FEAST

1800 Beautiful Illustrations. 1560 Pages of Reading Matter
85 Complete Stories. 75 Good Poems.
50 Timely and Important Articles.
1000 Paragraphs presenting the big news of the "World at Large."
120 Humorous Contributions.
Wonderful Color Work, presented in frontispieces, inserts and covers.

All Yours for One Year's Subscription to
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
Price $1.50 per Year or 15 Cents a Copy

The Publisher of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER has make a special arrangement with THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by which they are enabled to offer the following extraordinary bargain:

The cost of one year's subscription to THE METROPOLITAN is $1.50. The cost of one year's subscription to the MINER is $1.50. We offer both for $1.65.

Address all communications to

McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.

An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. H. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. H. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. N. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 127 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bonninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 31 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1130 to 3130 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours 8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
PRICES RIGHT. OFFICE MAIN ST. OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG

Read this Advertisement.

It will Interest every house owner.

I sell Smoke Bell Holders for 2- and 3-light Chandeliers. Easily fastened to any Chandelier.

No more hooks in the ceilings; no more chains to break; no more paper to get black from smoke.

Have a look. 2-light, 75c each; 3-light $1.00.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, SMETHPORT